ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. TEN CENTS A COPY. VOL. XII.—NO. 9.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

May . 1888.

The Nineteenth Century is Woman's Century.—Victor Hugo.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO ART LITERATURE BIOGRAPHY HOME SCIENCE AND WOMAN'S WORK

Contents

FRONTISPIECE.—Mrs. J. M. Sadd		449
THE WIND-SWEPT HARP	*E. T. H.*	450
MOLLY'S FATE	*Florence E. Weld*	455
MISS EMILY. Part I.	*Helen Ayr Saxton*	456
TWO SURPRISES		465
LET'S GO A MAYING		466
"THE EARTH IS OUR MOTHER"	*Lenora Peck*	468
RAMABAI		471
GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD, VI.	*Sarah M. Perkins*	471

WOMAN'S WORK.

A BRAVE BATTLE, XXI.	*Lucia E. F. Kimball*	475
RAIN LILIES	*Laura G. Penuel*	478
THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL	*Zeta*	479
ONE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS		482
FARMING FOR WOMEN		484
ABOUT WOMEN		485

HOME DEPARTMENT.

"SHE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF SELF LAST"	*Constance Ray*	486
THE TRAINING OF DAUGHTERS	*Jennie A. Froiseth*	486
BABY FINGERS		488
JESSIE DURLAP'S CHANCE	*Willametta A. Preston*	488
THE MOTHER'S CREATIVE INFLUENCE, IV.	*Dr. J. H. Hanaford*	490
THE WISDOM OF CHILD LIFE		491
AN ALABASTER BOX		491
SONGS OF THE MAY		493
TWO WAYS OF DOING IT		494
PRETTY FANCIES		494
EDITOR'S NOTES:		495
The Great Debate.—"Rain Lilies."—"The Wind-Swept Harp."		
"NOW AND THEN."		496

ESTHER T. HOUSH, Editor. FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., Publishers, Brattleboro. Vt.

Copyright, 1888, by Frank E. Housh & Co. Entered at the Brattleboro, Vt. Post-office as Second Class Matter.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO.

MANUFACTURE

BOOKLETS.

BOOKS, PHAMPHLETS AND CATALOGUES.

EVERY AUTHOR CONTEMPLATING THE PUBLICATION OF A BOOK OR PHAMPHLET AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE, CAN GET THE BEST SATISFACTION IN QUALITY, STYLE AND PRICE BY PLACING ORDERS WITH US.

OUR WORK IS FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., PUBLISHERS, -- BRATTLEBORO, VT.

CYCLOPEDIAS

Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia is a whole library of universal knowledge from the pens of the ablest scholars in America and Europe. It is accepted as high authority in our leading colleges. It is not for the few, like Appleton's or the Britannica, but for all. It has just been thoroughly revised at a cost of over $60,000, and three years labor by forty editors, and over 2,000 renowned contributors. It is in eight convenient sized volumes. No father can give to his child at school or his son or daughter just entering the arena of life anything that will be of a more permanent benefit. It is an education supplementary to that of the schools. Address for particulars and terms.

A. J. JOHNSON & CO.,
11 Great Jones St. New York.

☞Men Wanted.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
MY STORY OF THE WAR
By Mary A. Livermore

Her own narrative of **"Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse."** It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" side of the War, its Lights and Shadows *"as a woman saw them."* Bright, Pure, and Good, full of *"laughter and tears,"* of thrilling interest and touching pathos, it *sells at sight to all.* Splendid **Steel-Plates,** and famous old **Battle-Flags** richly colored in *exact fac-simile.* The *"booming"* book for Men and Women Agents. **$100 to $200** a month made. ☞ **Distance no hindrance,** for we *Pay Freights* and give *Extra Terms.* Write for circulars to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.**

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

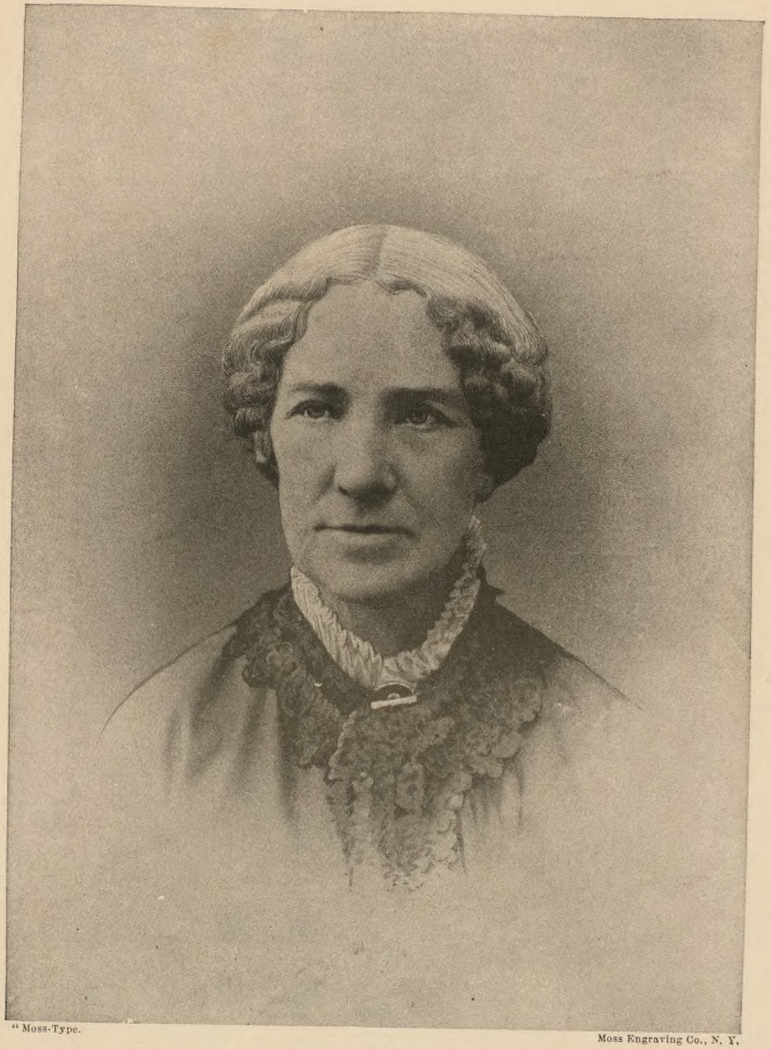
Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars.

ANODYNE

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LINIMENT



"Moss-Type. Moss Engraving Co., N. Y.

MRS. J. M. SADD.

[For twenty-four years, City Missionary of Louisville, Ky.]

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI. BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1888. No. 9.

THE WIND-SWEPT HARP.

[*The Story of a Beautiful Life.*]

"A huge Æolian harp was still,
While gentle breezes played;
But when rude storms and tempests rose
They woke the mighty wire's repose,
And music, such as Gabriel knows,
Startled each list'ning ear.

How like that harp the human soul,
Whose deep vibrations sleep
Till tribulation sweeps the strings,
And anguish ope's the hidden springs,
And from its depths such music brings,
As angels love to hear!

Thou Great Musician, here am I,
A poor, discordant harp:—
My trembling strings await Thy blow,
Strike as Thou wilt, for well I know,
Tho' minor, yet shall music flow,
Touched by the Master hand."

THIS beautiful poem, written by the sainted one whose face beams upon us from this page, so fitly pictures her life, that it seems like an autobiography. "Dear child," she said, when she brought it for our magazine in 1879, "do *you* know what *minor chords* mean?" This was but a few years after husband, children, and her beloved little grand-child had been called home, and she was left alone in the world so far as near relations were concerned. The harmony of a soul drawing its strength from the infinite source, shone out in her countenance and breathed in her words. "Music—touched by the Master hand," had lost its "minor chords" in the flow of sympathetic love. She was not sad only in name. So true a reflection of Christ was she, that she walked in His footsteps, bearing His image, shedding abroad His light. In the fullest sense of that most meaningful word, she was a *benediction.* All felt the touch of her lofty soul, her tender, brooding mother-love, her interest with every body every where. From the minister to the lowliest poor, there was the same out reaching of kinship. One said of her truly, "she who would grace a throne, is content to be a light in the most abject hovel, nay, she seeks the poorest of the poor, and finds delight in the hardest service."

When we first met her in the summer of 1877, she had been City Missionary of Louisville, Ky., fourteen years, nine of these in connection with her husband, Rev. J. M. Sadd, and continuing their united work alone until her going home in January, 1888, making over twenty-four years of City Mission work.

It would seem that a great company of angels must have hovered about thehome in East Windsor, Conn., where in 1810, the little Corinna came. In glad May, the eighth day, when the stern New England winter was over, and the arbutus had bloomed where the snows had lain. How auspicious for the life that was to bloom for seventy-seven years, and be so full of gladness to others!

Her father was Deacon Chauncey Sadd, her mother, Cynthia Barbour, "a sweet and gentle Christian, a beautiful singer." She was set apart from her childhood as a "giver of good gifts unto men," as a renouncer of self, and a handmaid of God, called to special service.

By the door of her mother's home grew a rose bush, with little sweet roses in great profusion, that so pleased her childish fancy that it was called "Corinna's bush," and it was her custom year after year to gather all and give away, kissing them first in her sweet fashion. This incident has more than passing value in understanding her character. She gave all away, and covered all with her love.

A little prayer she used to pray, "Bless every body and then bless me," was remarkable, and prophetic of her life to come. It did not take a seer to say, "she will be a missionary."

When about twenty years of age, July 14, 1830,

she was married to Joseph Merritt Sadd, a distant relative, who was just beginning his ministry. She went bravely to their pioneer life in Missouri, where Mr. Sadd preached wherever people could be gathered together, in log houses, under trees, and in barns. A distiller was converted and his distillery re-fashioned into a church. They bore the reproach of the years, were hated and hunted as "abolitionists," but the Lord cared for the seed sown, and many strong churches of their planting still remain. In "Reminiscences" of those days, Mrs. Sadd says:

I remember the day we started on horseback to attend a meeting of Presbytery, on Apple Creek, 60 miles distant. At twilight we came to the end of the road. We stopped to think—what next? Not a house had been in sight for hours. Giving the horses uncontrolled bridles, we began to sing, "Our Little Barque on Dangerous Seas." After waiting a little time, the horses took the same direction and soon came to a creek; following this brought us to a mill and large farm house. Here we took shelter for the night. Mr. Sadd went with a young man to care for the horses, and enquired what care he had taken of his soul? He replied, "I am in distress about *that*, and no one to tell me what to do." Oh, how Mr. Sadd loved to point young men to Christ! At bed-time permission was given to read the Bible and pray. The miller was present, who said, "I do not believe in religion, and my mill has been idle for weeks; but if you will pray for rain and *get it*, I promise to believe with all my heart." Mr. Sadd made no reply, but kneeling, he prayed for the family and neighborhood, and then began to plead for rain, saying, "The destiny of an immortal soul is to be decided to-night by the giving or withholding of rain." On rising, all retired for the night. Before morning we were awakened by heavy thunder and rain. The miller was not at breakfast, but was grinding at the mill. As we passed he came out and bowed himself to the earth. Mr. Sadd appointed a meeting there two weeks from the next Sabbath. No room was found large enough, and they met in an orchard. After the sermon, an opportunity was given for any who would come to Jesus. Almost the entire congregation came forward, the miller among the number. In a few weeks a church was formed, which is to-day a living, working church. A Sunday school was also organized, and at the close of thirty years it had never been suspended.

There were many occurrences all along the lives of these godly people that proved the special providence of God, and that "they that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing." Mrs. Sadd thus relates such a "providence," both guarding and providing:

Many years since, Mr. Sadd and myself, with our little girl, went in our own carriage from Missouri to Logansport, Indiana, to visit a sister. While there it rained almost constantly. When we started for home I said, "We shall probably turn back at the first stream, for the water was deep enough when we came." Mr. Sadd replied, "We will not ford the streams until we get to them." When we came to Eel River and Tippecanoe, we found them no higher than when we forded them at first. On nearing the Wabash River, we were directed to a plain road at our right, leading to the ford. Visiting by the way, we forgot about the direction and came to the river at a ferry. Mr. Sadd said "What shall we do?" I replied, "Time is money, let us go on the boat." While crossing, a gentleman remarked to another, "I never saw the Wabash come up like this." "What is the rise?" "Three feet and a half since dark last night." Mr. Sadd raised his eyes with a look of holy gratitude I can never forget.

The second day Mr. Sadd was taken ill, and for four days was under the care of the physician. I was anxious to get home, and persuaded the doctor that I could drive. At last he yielded and we were again on our way. Saturday evening found us one-half day's ride from St. Louis. I said: "What shall we do?" "Keep the commandments of the Lord," was the reply. So we stopped until Monday morning. The round price charged, left us just money enough to reach St. Louis. "What *shall* we do from St. Louis home?" was my trembling question. "*Trust the Lord.*"

Reaching the city, we called on Mrs. W., a friend of other days, who welcomed us with these words: "I am so glad you are here. We feared you had returned home without giving us a call. A number of your friends came, and not finding you, left presents to be sent to you,—among other things *a purse of money.*" I rushed from the room, knowing that it was written for me, "O ye of little faith." I have learned in the many years since, that the surest surety is the promise of the Lord.

From Missouri they moved to Western New York and labored six years in churches of Eden and Castile. Thence in 1842, to Indiana Wilds, establishing churches. Mr. Sadd became the agent of the American and Foreign Christian Union in 1856, and removed to Greencastle, where they dwelt in a lovely home—Forest Cottage.

In 1863, they were called to Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Sadd was appointed City Missionary. There was need for Gospel work on every hand. The war, with its manifold ills, was at its height, and into the hospitals, among the wounded and dying, Mrs. Sadd went like a ministering angel. One young man in his delirium called her "mother." "Yes, child," she replied, kissing him and stroking his face. He died the next day, happy in the delusion. Yet, delusion though it was, we think he calls her "mother" still in the blest land.

PRESERVATION MASTER AT HARVARD

At the close of the war, the Industrial School for the poor children was founded,—called the Howard Mission until Mr. Sadd's death, when it was christened with his name. The first ten years of their labor they made 10,000 visits to the sick and poor; met 8,000 calls for help; distributed 25,000 garments; 7,000 children were collected in Sunday, Industrial and other schools; 100,000 pages of religious reading were distributed; Bibles were furnished to the destitute; homes found for the homeless, and for the needy, transportation and work. Much that could not be enumerated must be added to this work, for in the Church and society, Mr. and Mrs. Sadd were centres of blessing. When her husband was called home, he left the work as a legacy, and until her own release she took up the burden joyfully for the double sake of him she loved and the Master she served. Mrs. Sadd disclaimed the title of "widow." "Do you call her a widow, who is trying every day to please her husband, who is in the place where she would have him—at home?" Neither did she use the word "death." Once she was sent for in haste to see a young girl whom the physician said must die, and who was terrified at the thought. Clasping her hands, she lifted a face full of terror to the kind face that bent above her, crying: "Oh, Mrs. Sadd, they say that I must *die!*"

"Who says so?"

"The doctor."

"Well, I have a message from a wiser man than any doctor, and he says you shall *live*. Hear what he bids me tell you." And the precious words of Christ fell upon her ear.

Little by little as the earthly hold loosened, the frail bark was anchored by faith, and the poor girl went peacefully aw y into the known yet unseen, trusting the promise "He that believeth in me."

Along these years came the storms of personal bereavement thick and fast, when it took supreme faith to say:

> "My trembling strings await Thy blow,
> Strike as Thou wilt."

Two sweet children were "carried back to Heaven by the angels," while in their babyhood, and a lovely daughter, in the bloom of eighteen, passed through the "open door." Only one was left, and at twenty-six, in 1864, she too was called away, leaving two children. One of these, Josie, lived to be six years of age, a child of remarkable sweetness and brightness of character. Some of the dearest glimpses we ever had of the royal nature of our friend, was in her talks of Josie. Through his clear soul the Christ himself shone, and his simple, earnest faith was at all times an inspiration to her. Even as he learned of her, he taught her, and would we had the lessons exchanged between these two for our children to grow upon.

One day little Josie came to her in tears: "O, Grandma! a big boy told me there is nothing to eat in Heaven!"

She asked him what book would tell us about Heaven.

"The Bible."

He brought it to her and stood by her knee as she read of the "Tree of Life which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month."

"Think Josie! apples, peaches, cherries, orangês, not once a year, but every month!'

Josie was in transports.

"O, Grandma, I'll never believe a big boy, but only the Bible."

This little story shows how the child comforted and led the stricken mother, bereft of all her own children:

"O, Grandma, look."

I did look, and saw a hanging basket overflowing with flowers.

"Grandma, isn't that beautiful?"

"Yes," I said.

"Grandma, you used to say 'Flowers are tokens of God's love,' and now, when the Lord looks down on these flowers, and you don't have any, He will think *they* love Him most."

"Josie," I said, "I have been wrong. When your dear mother went to the 'mansion prepared,' and the girl forgot to protect our beautiful plants, I was glad to have them die. I wondered people continued their business; the world looked very dark and deserted. But God *is* good, and flowers *are* 'tokens' of His love, and we will have them again, for you and the Lord to see, and to give to hose who have none."

I hastened to my room and tears were falling fast, when Josie's smiling face, with hands behind him, appeared at the door. A shadow came over him as he said: "I cooled my hands to put them on your head, but my hands won't go on anybody's face when the tears are falling."

He left the room. O, how I did plead for help to *cheerfully* live, whatever cup was mine to drink! Soon that bright little face was welcomed with a smile; and placing his hands on my forehead and choking a little, he said:

"Grandma, *Heaven is a good place.*"

Blessed boy! he knows it now.

Josie loved red roses, and the little grave by the mother so tenderly mourned, and the grand-parents so tenderly beloved, is marked only by thickly set

rose bushes that are now opening their buds of beauty.

It was not long after the happening of this beautiful incident, that Josie and then the loved husband were taken away, and Mrs. Sadd was left alone in the "Cottage Home." She would chide us for that word *alone*. "I never am alone," she would say. "Wherever I go there are always two"—reverently lifting her eyes.

Aye, more than two! what a convoy of messengers the Lord prepared for her! Her ministry to the body as well as the soul, proved the care of Him who fed Elijah by the wing of ravens; a plan wrought out before the need.

One evening as she was leaving the Mission, a girl ran in. "O, Mrs. Sadd, my mother is sick and we've *nothing to eat*."

"Let me see. I have five cents. I am very tired and must ride home. (It was over two miles to her home.) Come in and we will *ask*."

They sat down silently, the girl looking up as if expecting aid from above. Soon there came a knock; a Baptist came in with $1.30. Very soon another knock, the Campbellite minister came with a box. "Take it, Mrs. Sadd, it is so heavy, gift of my Sunday-school, *in pennies*,—$32.50."

They had a prayer of thanksgiving, the little girl kept looking up, as if expecting to see the heavens open.

"Now," said Mrs. Sadd, "your mother can have bread, and tea with loaf sugar and milk in it, and I can ride home."

Another time, the last cent had been spent, the weather was severe, and many were suffering for the lack of food and fuel. What should they do? Her faithful companion, Miss Fanny J. Ward, was with her in her room. Mrs. Sadd placed her empty purse in the middle of the floor, and both "asked." Soon the door-bell rang, and there stood a young man with a check of over $300.00, a gift from the Prentice Club to Louisville poor. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they areyet speaking, I will hear."

We have not dwelt minutely upon the work of the Mission School, the meetings for mothers, the preparations for Christmas, the summer picnic in a lovely park opened for them each year, one day for the children and another for the mothers, the substantial and generous dinners provided on these occasions. We shall never forget how always in the evening the happy faces grouped about Mrs. Sadd, and she stood tall and straight in the centre, her waves of snowy hair lightened by the breeze about her sweet face, and her happy smiles coming like sunbeams, as the little ones sang their Sunday-school hymns. Each year it seemed she could not come again. Now in this bright summer, the first for over twenty years, the dear familiar face is gone.

Her seventieth birth-day was remembered by a public meeting in the Opera House, and the proceeds of the evening given to the Mission fund. Her *seventy-seventh* birth-day she went to the Mission House, and the children brought flowers and each one took her by the hand, one little one saying, "Mrs. Sadd, we wish you could live seventy-seven years longer." A beautiful down quilt was given by the officers and trustees of the school, and other friends sent a *purse of gold* which proved to hold $157.

For the street-car drivers she had much thought and care, remembering them in her Flower Mission work, and on lines she traveled always making them some gift at Christmas. They, in return, placed a nice clock upon her mantel, a handsome picture on her walls, and gave her a set of furs. More than any gift could show, was there a loyal reverence for her, the uncovering of the head when her name was mentioned, and the unmistakable tone of voice when they said, "Here is Mother Sadd's."

The seventy-seventh birth-day was past, and the months drifted along to the winter time. Late in November, coming back East from Nashville, Tenn., the hackman left us at the familiar door, saying, as so many car-drivers had done in the rythmical past, "Why, this is Mother Sadd's." And once more, for a few hours, we sat within the home whence Josie had entered the gates ajar, and where the sainted grandmother was hastening to meet him. It *was* the gate of Heaven—her Cottage Home. We crowded the thought of "the last time" away, that she might not read the fear in our eyes, and took instead, the exceeding comfort of her presence. So near home! The weary days would soon be past, and she would be with all the beloved. We did not dare think of our own loss, nor how much light would be removed from the earthly way. How we would miss the letters, penned sometimes when "the pen is heavy"—but "the lines are crowded with love." How could we do without her "God bless you, my child?"

She went to the Mission School the day after Thanksgiving, for the last time, was taken ill December 1st, and lingered in much suffering a few

weeks. On Christmas, a friend sent her a card—a water-scene and some ships about to sail, saying, "*You* are the *big ship*, Mrs. Sadd."

She had not spoken of dying soon, until the morning she went away, when she said to her faithful Miss Ward, "*The ship will sail to-day.*"

Oh, Ship so strong, so weighted down with love!
So light and free, with sails set for Eternity!
Thine anchor fast on Heavenly shores, e'er yet the earth
Recedes from view. The evening shades are o'er,
'Tis *day* for all the way the ship will sail;
'Tis *day* on cloudless seas, as hastes the bark
To DAY ETERNAL.

The ship will *sail*
No storms or breakers can impede the way,
A Hand that knows the ocean wide, is on the helm;
A Voice that ruled the waves of Galilee of old,
Shall call the port of rest and peace,
"*The Ship will sail to-day!*"

Although Mrs. Sadd had no near kindred, there was one who filled a daughter's place in her home and heart, keeping all the work in her mind the last years, and leading in the Mission work. Miss Ward had been with her thirteen years, and was privileged to be near when the summons came, and see the last smile fade out of the face she loved as a mother's, and know nothing could have kept her longer.

They carried the earthly frame to the Warren Memorial Church, and many friends gathered to pay the last tribute of their love. Several of the leading clergymen of the city conducted the services. The prayer by Dr. Young, the sermon by her pastor, Dr. Willits, and remarks by Dr. Perkins and Dr. Rivers, were beautiful and fitting. The little organ she loved had been brought into the church, and placed near the casket, and her favorite song, "Some Sweet Day," was sung by Rev. Mr. Kennedy. A deep hush fell upon the mourning ones as the song died away, and Dr. Hemphill offered the closing prayer.

At Cave Hill they laid the precious dust by Josie's roses, and near the marble tablet that had for long years borne her name. It is natural that our flowers, our memories, our tears, should seek the grave of the beloved. But could we see the other side, the reunited family, the joy, wordless joy; could we see the good done in all these years, widening into endless circles, and making happy homes, both here and hereafter, we would scatter the flowers—as did Mrs. Sadd—among the *living*, and weep our tears with the sorrowful; turn our thoughts away from death to *life*, and by making the earth "a good place," bring Heaven nearer. This is the lesson the beautiful life of Mrs. Sadd teaches us.

What of the Mission work? For the present Miss Ward carries it on as she has largely done for several years. In a great city like Louisville, with its needy poor, the work is a necessity. Would that Dr. Willits' practical suggestion might be carried out, that "the rich men contribute a sum sufficient to erect a large building and call it the Sadd Mission, in memory of the noble woman, in which to take up the work she has left off."

—*E. T. H.*

MOLLY'S FATE.

FLORENCE E. WELD.

(Miss Lucy Edwards, a sister of the famous Jonathan Edwards, wrote to "Mrs. Elizabeth Huntington, at Windham," about the year 1730: "Ensign—, of Lyme, a widower with seven children, has been to see Sister Molly, but had so little encouragement from her that she does not much expect to see him again.")

FAIR MOLLY was most hard of heart!
Oh, why could not some secret art
Have given her a sign
Of what, if she to ice should turn,
And Love's sweet lesson scorn to learn,
Would be her fate in time?

No pity for the children seven?
No graciousness wherewith to leaven
Her meaning, clear and cold?
Ah, Molly! could you but have seen
What now I see, this tale, I ween,
Would never have been told.

Before me—yellow, worn—there lies
A family record; and my eyes
Seek Molly Edwards' name:
When ripe in years, full seventy-five,
In seventeen seventy-six, she died
A spinster !—whose the blame?

MISS EMILY.

Part I.

HELEN AYR SAXTON.

IF you had noticed Miss Emily as she walked quietly homeward of an evening, after her day's work, you would have seen only an insignificant little figure, in a plain, old-fashioned gown and bonnet, and would probably have turned away, thinking further attention not worth the trouble. It is more probable that you would not have noticed her. People did not notice Miss Emily, as a rule. How should she attract attention—a woman no longer young or beautiful, who worked all day with her hands, and at night lodged in a small room of a tenement house on Second Street?

It was a plain, bare little room, but exquisite order and cleanliness made it home-like. A few pots of flowers stood in the window, and the morning sun stroked, and kissed, and warmed them just as lovingly as if they had lived behind plate-glass on Fifth Avenue. A true democrat is the sun. He does not wait to ask the name and station of those on whom his favors fall. His precious morning visits reconciled Miss Emily to her weary toiling up long flights of stairs after the day's work was done. At the lower windows he could not enter.

Those given to tracing fanciful analogies might, perhaps, have imagined a resemblance between the neat, pure room, with its stray bits of brightness and its occupant; for though the first glance at this unassuming little person might not lead to a second, yet if the second were vouchsafed, it might linger over the discovery that she was by no means an unpleasant object to look upon.

It is true that Miss Emily was nearer forty than thirty—the freshness of youth was gone, and the dignity of silver-haired age was not yet come. Her cheek was thin and colorless, for roundness and roses do not long abide in a tenement house. About the eyes and mouth a few, fine wrinkles had manifested themselves. But the soft hair was still brown and abundant. Her eyes were of that peculiar, dark, bright blue which remains unchanged even in old age. Their expression held a child-like clearness and frankness, a simple trustfulness, in odd contrast with the demure, plain, guarded ways which had grown upon her during long years of service and self-dependence.

When, some twelve years before, Emily Norris had been thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood, she had found that these consisted in little beyond her needle. Thanks, however, to long training in the use of that small wonder-worker, and a conscientious habit of doing her best with everything she undertook, she found almost constant employment in families, and was not forced to depend on shop slop-work.

As popular favor began to revive certain old fashions, and create a fancy for the pretty, durable hand-work in which our grand-mothers delighted, she sometimes found a sale for a bit of knitted lace, or white embroidery, which her mother had taught her in the early, happy days, before trouble came and left her a dependent, climbing "the steps of others."

Thus far she had always earned enough for food and lodging, and decent, if not at all seasons wholly adequate clothing. With this, the best is said. There was no margin; she could make no provision against age and helplessness. But Miss Emily was not apprehensive. She would have told you she had much to be thankful for, and comparing her lot with many of the poor wretches who swarmed in the dark, musty rooms below, one must needs agree with her. Her wants were simple, and it is probable that, on the whole, she was more contented than many a more favored sister who looked down upon her from glistening heights, with half wondering, half contemptuous pity.

Of all the pleasures denied her, one, I think, was oftenest longed for. She would have liked a pet—a bird, a kitten, a dog, a squirrel,—something alive, that would learn to know and love her in return for the love and care she gave it. But putting aside the question of expense—and she could not put it aside—there was another serious obstacle in the way of such gratification,—she was away all day. A bird would pine, alone in the close, shut room; a dog or kitten would be tortured to death by the dirty, half savage children, who rioted in the court and corridors.

One luxury, however, she allowed herself. She was an inveterate reader of romances. You may think this a weakness in Miss Emily. You may even say it was wrong,—that the money spent in circulating libraries and cheap publications, should

have been saved for the proverbial "rainy day," the time given to extra work with a view to increasing this fund. However, the sum expended was less than most working-men give to beer or tobacco.

After the cooking, cleaning, mending, and other work required by personal necessities, was added to the long day's labor for others, the time remaining was slight indeed. Moreover, most of us must admit that even a working-woman needs some slight recreation to keep body and mind in tune and profitable working order; and so, perhaps, we may find it in our hearts to forgive Miss Emily this one indulgence,—as she distinctly preferred a good novel to a bad or indifferent one, it may be questioned whether it was not, at least, an innocent one.

While her needle ran in and out, or the sewing-machine hummed, through the busy day, her thoughts flew back to the pleasant scenes and society her imagination had reveled in the evening before; and thus beguiled, the day was short and her burden light. And when, at last, her brief evening came, beautiful realms of fancy again received her; weariness, poverty and lonesomeness were forgotten for a time, and Miss Emily was happy in the real refreshment and distraction which this hour of romance brought her.

It may be that if you had watched the faded woman as she sat absorbed, smiling at the bright sallies of some favorite heroine, or softly weeping over her woes, you might have found something incongruous, possibly even ludicrous, in the spectacle. Yet was it not pitiful also?

We hear much of the fervor and passion of youth; and, indeed, of that passion which is

> "A spell,
> Transient as the whirl-wind's breath,"

youth may be supposed to possess a monopoly. But deep and enduring feeling is not common among the very young. Their hearts, like their minds, are untried and undeveloped. To them love and life are as yet names—names which it may be, call up beautiful visions and possibilities to dazzle the quick fancy, but still leave heart and soul unshaken.

> "He never learned to love, who never knew to weep,"

says one of our greatest poets. Only when deep calls unto deep will the deep respond.

Thus, through what seems a strange mockery, it is usually in later years, when charms have faded, and the power of inspiring feeling in others is diminishing, that the capacity for feeling is greatest. And this pale, little woman, whom no man would stop to look at twice, whose life had been one long denial, possessed that fervor and intensity which, when found or imagined in combination with a fresh, young face and rounded figure, men are ready to worship as something almost divine.

It was probably her own feeling and quick imagination which lent to these often commonplace and dull pages their rare fascination for Miss Emily. These were deep, and pure, and strong enough to make a wooden figure speak, to add rounded flesh and pulsing life-blood to the dryest of dry bones. Sometimes they refused to pour their informing power into the moulds prepared by the clumsy artifice, and creating more suitable ones of their own, they led Miss Emily's mind on and far away, exulting in sweet, wild romances, which were never found on printed page.

Still, she seldom thought of herself. Her happiness lay chiefly in a forgetfulness of self. She followed the fortunes of her heroines with breathless interest, but did not identify herself with them. Even the heroines of her own fancy were not herself, neither did she look for the coming of a hero. Once upon a time she may have had dreams like other girls, but she had given them up long ago. If ever her fancy touched upon this fascinating snare, it was only as some vague "might have been." If, for instance, she could have brought herself to like John or Arthur a little better in those old, thoughtless days; or if John or Arthur could have been a little more likable. She was not still Miss Emily for lack of opportunity to change that appellation. Not many women out of a convent pass the age of thirty without some experience of the sweetness of being wooed, even if they miss that of being won. It is true that her life of a dependent in the house of a pompous relative had lacked very little of conventional seclusion. But although Miss Emily was faded and worn, little Emmie Norris had been a bonny lassie, with a blush-rose face, blue-bright eyes, and a lithe, trim figure. These two pairs of eyes, at least, had spied her out, and sought to persuade her to let the sweetness of her presence gladden them through life. But her heart was still hard with the hardness of youth, and their entreaties made little impression. She had felt more inclined to laugh at them than to love, or even pity. She thought of them now at times, and with slightly changed feelings; but she did not regret them.

And so the years went by until, at last, she was forced to realize that her youth was gone, pricked to death with sharp steel, and buried under half for-

gotten books, and that the future had, apparently, nothing better to offer her than a lonely, perhaps indigent old age.

But Miss Emily did not repine. Her face was as serene, her eyes as bright as ever when, one June morning, she sat in a little sewing-room belonging to a certain stately mansion in a fashionable street, trying, for perhaps the twentieth time, to fit a gingham slip to a wriggling four-year-old, who at that moment was interested in anything and everything that small room contained or suggested, except the fit of her frock. A girl of ten, and a boy of seven were lounging about the room, waiting, with an air of very reluctant resignation to fate, for their turn at the stake.

Cloth, cut and uncut, and garments in every stage of completion, had been carefully piled on chairs and tables close at hand. The elder children found amusement and occupation in tumbling them about the room, until it looked as if a small cyclone had been let loose within its limits. Then they slyly pushed Miss Emily's work-basket close to her elbow, so that the first unguarded, backward movement of her arm, sent it and its contents flying to the floor,

They were standing apart, giggling at her quick start and look of utter dismay, when the door opened and an elderly lady entered the room. She was tall and dignified, with iron-gray hair, and keen, dark eyes, which took in the meaning of the scene at a glance.

"Children, I am ashamed of you," she said. "Pick up Miss Emily's work-basket at once."

"*We* didn't tip it over, grandma," began the girl; but at a glance from those penetrating eyes, she colored crimson, and began hastily gathering up the scattered articles.

"Help your sister, Teddy. Ruthie, darling, can't you keep still one minute? Don't you know that if Miss Emily does not get your frock done soon, you can not go to Aunt Ruth's in the country, next week."

"Yes, yes!" said the little maid, half crying, "*S'all* do auntie Wufie's tountry next week."

"Be a good girl and keep still then."

Ruthie obeyed, and was soon released. She at once began to chatter confusedly about the country and her own expected happy sojourn there.

"Is *oo* doin' to tountry, Miss Emmie?" she asked at last.

"No, dear."

"Don't oo wis' oo was doin'?"

"Yes, dear," wistfully.

"*We* go to the country every summer," said Ada, the elder girl, with conscious superiority. "Sometimes we go to the sea-shore with aunt Elinor, that's our own auntie, you know; but most always we go to auntie Ruth's—she's mamma's auntie."

"Miss Emmie," cried Teddy in sudden awe-struck pity, "did'nt you *ever* go to the country, or climb any trees, or go fishing in the pond?"

"O yes, my little man," said the seamstress with a smile. "I lived in the country until I was twelve years old. I climbed trees and went fishing many a time."

"Till you were twelve years!" said Ada, now interested. "What made you go away then? *I'd* have stayed."

"My mother died," said Miss Emily, looking away, and trying very hard to thread the point of her needle. "My father had died long before. The farm was sold to pay the mortgage. There was nothing left for me, they said. My mother's cousin was very kind, and brought me to the city to live in his family."

"Do you live with him now?"

"No, he is dead. The family is scattered."

"What did you do when you lived in that cousin's house?" went on Ted, who was nothing if not curious.

"I looked after the children, and sewed for them as I do for you."

"Haven't you ever been in the country since then—since you were a little girl?" queried Ada.

"Once—one summer."

"How old were you then?"

"I—I was eighteen."

"Oh! you were a young lady like auntie Belle."

But Ada looked at the faded, old-fashioned seamstress somewhat incredulously. Could she ever have been a young lady like auntie Belle? Yet little eighteen-year-old Emmie had been as sweet and fresh as a wild rose, more charming in her way than dashing Belle Wilmot could ever hope to be.

"Auntie Belle is going to be married," went on Ada, "to Mr. Van Trouken. He's awfully old and ugly. I told aunt Belle so, and she laughed, and said he was awfully rich too, and could afford to be old and ugly."

"Ada!" said her grandmother, sternly, while her color rose, "a little girl like you should not talk about such things."

Brought to a short stop on this, her favorite subject, Miss Ada returned to the one from which she had wandered.

"When you went to the country, Miss Emmie, did you go back to the place where you lived when you were a little girl?"

"I went to visit my uncle, my father's brother. I saw the old place—it was near."

"Didn't you wish it was yours?" put in Ted.

"Why, Miss Emmie!" said Ada, "if you have an uncle in the country, why don't you go to see him now?"

"He is dead—long ago," said poor Miss Emily. "The place was sold to strangers."

"Oh, dear!" said Teddy, in disgust. "Seems to me, *everybody* that b'longs to you is dead, Miss Emmie."

"Teddy!" cried his grandmother. She had seen the pain deepen in the patient face, the slowly gathering tears that dimmed the clear eyes.

"Go into the nursery, all of you, and stay until you are called. You must not worry Miss Emily so."

They moved toward the door, a little frightened. Never before had they seen tears in Miss Emily's blue eyes; and they liked Miss Emily, though they also liked to tease her. Ruthie came back and put up her red mouth, saying:

"I'll tiss ou, I '*ill*, Miss Emmie," as if that were a cure for all ills. Teddy, as affectionate as he was blunt and thoughtless, threw his arms around her neck with:

"I didn't *mean* to worry you—I didn't, Miss Emmie."

Even Ada stopped for a word and a caress; and before they were well out of the room, Miss Emily had dried her tears and was almost as serene as ever.

"Bless their loving little hearts. You needn't have sent them out of the room, Mrs. Wilmot. They meant no harm."

As Mrs. Wilmot sat by the drawing-room window that evening, looking after some guests who had taken their departure, her daughter entered, her face clouded with some perplexity.

"What is it, Olive? Something has gone wrong, I see."

"Yes. Was ever anything so provoking? Justine tells me she has a telegram saying that her brother in Philadelphia is ill, and she must go to him at once. And you know I have depended on her to go with the children."

"I didn't know she had a brother in Philadelphia."

"I do not think she has. She does not want to spend the summer in the country—that is all. But what am I to do? I can't send all those children to aunt Ruth without some one to look after them, and I can't take them to Elinor's with me, as she is so out of health."

Mrs. Wilmot turned again to the window. As she sat, wondering what could be done, Miss Emily tripped down the steps and passed out into the crowded street. Mrs. Wilmot regarded her absently for a moment, then her face brightened.

"I have it, Olive," she cried, "the very thing! send Miss Emily with the children."

"Miss Emily!"

"Yes; we have known her for years. She is a faithful, honest, conscientious creature. She seems fond of the children, and is very patient with them."

"But she is so prim and old-fashioned, I am afraid they would only laugh at her. She could not control them."

"They like to tease her, but they are fond of her in their way. I do not think she would have any objection to garments of a less antiquated cut, and if you pay her as much as you pay Justine, she can afford them."

"She may have engagements."

"We can make it worth her while to give them up. I think it will be a treat to the poor thing."

"But—"

"Take the goods the gods provide, and be thankful. You are not likely to do better—or as well—at this late hour."

And so next day a great joy came to Miss Emily. At night her latest romance lay untouched. She sat by the geranium-clusters and fuchsia-bells, dreaming dreams of green trees and blue skies, of fields of golden grain rippling and glinting in the wind and sun, of the song of birds and the lowing of cattle, of green reaches of forest and babbling, wimpling brooks, such as her childish feet had loved to dally in. She had dreamed such dreams before, only to awaken sadly to reality and brick walls. Now she could hardly sleep for joy of thinking how soon they were to be fulfilled.

"Why-y!" cried Master Ted, as she made her appearance on the morning appointed for their departure. "How nice you look, Miss Emmie!"

"Miss Emmie has got a new suit," said Ada; and Miss Emmie blushed and hung her head, as if she had been doing something very improper, indeed. Yet it was a most modest little gown of soft, gray cashmere, cut in the prevailing mode, scantily furnished forth with flounces and furbelows, but fit-

ting the prim little figure to perfection. A plain, but becoming bonnet of the same color, and neat gloves and boots, completed the costume. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed with happiness and gentle excitement. She looked ten years younger.

"She looks like a lady," said young Mrs. Fleming to her mother. "I believe I am glad Justine left us."

"She is a lady. As to Justine,—I quite agree with you. I never quite appreciated your treasure —Justine. Her influence over the children was not all it should have been. But if a French nurse *must* be had—well!"

Papa and Mamma Fleming went across the ferry to the railroad station to see the little party off.

"Be good children, and do just as Miss Emmie tells you," was their parting injunction. The children cried, "We will, we will!" and waved handkerchiefs out of the window until a crusty old gentleman sitting near, asked if they thought their father and mother possessed telescopic eyes, and could watch their signals all the way across the state.

Aunt Ruth gave them a cordial welcome. She was a spare, dark-eyed woman, much like her sister. People called her "practical," and "a good manager." She possessed a certain shrewd common-sense, which did her good service in most affairs of life, and those who hoped to gain by playing on the weakness and credulity of others, learned to give her a wide berth. Yet she had a kind heart, and sympathy with such feeling as she could understand, though her range was narrow. Her own children had been buried in their early youth, and now in her widowed age, she was glad to bring these, her sister's grand-children, to her home and heart for a part of the year.

She was pleased with Miss Emily. The little woman's quiet cheerfulness, and conscientious performance of her duties, appealed to practical aunt Ruth, who had half expected to see a whining, semi-invalid, to be pitied and borne with for the sake of her need.

It was easy for Miss Emily to be happy here. In this roomy, quaint old farm-house, set among blossoming orchards and gardens, with wide fields and waving forests all about, and the blue hills in the distance, country sights and sounds wherever she turned, she had her heart's desire, the longing of years fulfilled.

Mrs. Day watched her in wonder. How could she find such pleasure in these things? She—Mrs. Day—had lived among them all her life, and could see nothing in a handful of clover or fern, in a thrush's song, or the bleating of a lamb, to rouse such rare delight. If she had been shut out from her inheritance as long as Miss Emily, she might, perhaps, have valued it more. As it was, she felt its worth but dimly. But she found a rare pleasure in watching the pleasure of the little seamstress, and noting how, as the days went by, the pale, thin cheeks grew round and even rosy. She wrote triumphantly to her sister that when the summer was over she would not know Miss Emily, she was growing so young and pretty.

The children wished to keep their promise and be good, but they also wished to have their own way. At first they thought gentle Miss Emily a fit subject for wheedling, and sought to gain their ends by that means. But though Miss Emmie would romp with them for half a day at a time, if they liked, and when they were tired, would pet and coddle them, and tell them stories to their heart's content, neither coaxing nor open rebellion, nor any of the various small arts which they had sometimes found available in their experience with Justine, could induce Miss Emily to favor any scheme of theirs which could bring harm to themselves, or annoyance to others. So at last they accepted her for just what she wished to be to them,—a trusted comrade at all times, a mentor and care-taker to be respected and obeyed, when occasion required her to assume that office.

Their chosen, and most frequent companions, were Jack and Milly Hathaway, who lived in the big, rambling brown house—brown from the coloring of time and the elements—half a mile away. Jack was twelve years old, Milly eight. They had no mother, and were only too glad to escape the surveillance of Miss Priscilla Hackett, their sharp-eyed and sharp-nosed housekeeper, to wander through field and forest with the Fleming children and their gentle guardian.

Miss Priscilla felt it her duty to inform the "deacon," their father, of their "goings on," saying that she, for one, didn't believe in their trapesing about all day, tearing their clothes, and bringing home all out-doors to litter the house with. They would kill themselves or her, before the summer was over, she didn't know which.

But when the good deacon found that Miss Emily was nearly always with the children, and would see that they came to no harm, he silenced all objections by saying that the children were "a nuff sight

better off in the woods than shut up in the house, afraid to stir for fear of mussing something." Jack was always back in time to drive home the cows, and that was all he asked of *him.* As for Milly, she had been kind o' peaked all the spring; he'd like to have her live out of doors, and see if she couldn't get a little color into her face.

So Miss Priscilla was obliged to possess her soul in patience, and content herself with throwing out of doors, as soon as their backs were turned, the "weeds, and stones and other trash," meaning the precious flowers, ferns, pebbles and last year's bird's-nests, which they never could help bringing home with them.

The deacon, while out looking after his stock, or directing the farm-hands, occasionally ran across the little party, and stopped for a word or a nod. He was a man of forty-eight, a little grizzled as to hair and temper, clear-headed and shrewd where his interests were concerned. His neighbors said Deacon Hathaway was a good man, but "a little near," and had "his eyes always out for the main chance." But none of them ever insinuated that he followed this main chance through crooked ways. Women admitted the justice of this criticism, but said he was "a good provider," and that fact, in their eyes, atoned for many short-comings.

He had prospered, as such men usually do. His broad acres were free of incumbrance. He was fond of his children in his own undemonstrative way, and his chief pleasure lay in the thought that he could give them both a good start in life, without embarassing the fine inheritance he had set his heart on leaving them. He might be forgiven his pride in them. Milly possessed, in a rare degree the refined beauty not usually looked for in the country, though as often found there as elsewhere. She was as delicate as a snow-drop, as dainty as the proudest lady in the land, and almost startling in her quick, sensitive intelligence.

Jack was a manly, sturdy, affectionate lad, as tender with his fragile little sister, as if the boyish torture, which brothers, as a rule, inflict upon much enduring sisters, as naturally as a dog takes to worrying a cat, had never been heard of.

When Jack was first presented to Miss Emily, and turned his great, frank, laughing brown eyes up to meet hers, she started and stared, so Teddy said, as if she had seen a ghost. Perhaps she had. All that afternoon she seemed strangely absent. She showed none of her usual interest in "Green Gravel," or "Barberry Bush," "I spy," or bent-pin fishing. Even the children's reproaches did not rouse her. She at last wandered away from the noisy little band, and finding a seat on a mossy log by the brook-side, lingered there hour after hour, her hands lying in her lap, her eyes far away and dreamy.

The present had faded away. She was living in the past. Sent there by Jack's brown eyes—not Jack's, but like them. Set in a boyish, sun-browned face,—that also like Jack's, but with a difference—and crowning all a tangle of brown curls; with these, a lithe, boyish figure, a strong, kind, hard hand,—that was her cousin Tom, who through her brief, happy childhood, had been by turns her playmate, tease and tormentor, her guide and protector, until she scarcely knew in which capacity he was most necessary to her. When she left the country, she had left him also, and, as it seemed to her, all the good things life had to offer her.

Once afterward she had seen him. Though six years older, they had met much in the same spirit. He was still her cousin Tom, not given to sentiment, but to be relied on in an emergency. She was still his little Emmie, to pet, or tease, or instruct, according to his mood, or her patience.

They had found each other's society as necessary as ever. They were, perhaps, more conscious of the peculiar charm it held for both; but there was no love-making. They were too young to think much of marriage, except as some dim sweet dream whose fulfillment would naturally come sometime; but that sometime was in the indefinite future. So many things must be done before that could be thought of,—that is what Tom would have said if you had questioned him, though I doubt if his thoughts had ever put it into so definite a shape.

Emmie was not given to making plans of any sort for her future life. So far as she knew, it was already marked out for her in her cousin's household. Tom was ambitious. He had persuaded his father to send him to college. He had already attained a sophomore's dignity, and was full of plans for future achievement and honor.

And so Emmie's short summer of delight, the brightest spot in her whole life, came to its swift and inevitable end.

If these kind kinsfolk had guessed the repugnance that beset her, the tears that fell in her little sloping chamber, at the thought of returning to her life in the city,—if they had suspected that she was not happy there, they would gladly have kept her with them. But she made no sign, and they fancied she preferred her cousin's home. They were plain peo-

ple, they would have said; they could not do for Emmie what John could—John, who was surrounded by all the advantages a large city could afford, and who possessed the means to let his children profit by them. And Emmie went back to her duties as seamstress, maid, and general errand-girl, never dreaming that anything else was possible to her.

It was a large house—John's house—masters coming and going for the younger children; "society" for the elders; but such "advantages" were not for Emmie. She worked all day, and in return received food and lodging, and clothing enough to keep her warm. She felt that she ought to be thankful, and undoubtedly she ought.

Tom was not forgotten as the years rolled by. She rejoiced when she heard of his increasing prosperity, even when that took the form of his marriage to the rich and accomplished daughter of a wealthy merchant in a distant city. If a vague, sweet regret sometimes stirred at her heart, as she recalled that bright summer, and Tom's companionship, she put it aside. She could not have given it a name. Neither pretty Emmie Norris, nor faded Miss Emily, was given to self-analysis. She was glad Tom was happy.

She did not know, for the kind uncle and aunt soon died, and Tom drifted beyond her knowledge—that Tom had left a ruined and dishonored home behind him, and gone, half reckless, and wholly despairing, to bury himself from the world on the plains of the far West. Ruined and dishonored through no fault of his own—Emmie could have told you that—unless it be a fault to trust too much in the faith of wife, the honor and honesty of friends, Tom's regrets were neither sweet nor vague.

There was a time, I think, when but for the memory of a little girl cousin, with a clear true voice and honest blue eyes, he might have hated and cursed all women. The thought of her came to him like a sweet reproach. His heart could not shut her out, or harden itself against her. But he was far too sad at heart, too broken in spirit to seek her out. He thought of her as well cared for by some member of her cousin's family. And so the divided currents of their lives flowed on through years that could not return.

Miss Emily woke from her reverie to see that the sun was low. It was time the children were at home. She kissed pale, sensitive Milly, and asked Jack to bring her to them often, thereby winning both their hearts, Milly's through tenderness, and Jack's by her most fitting recognition of his high office of his sister's guide and guardian.

Having had, since they could remember, no experience of womanly tenderness warmer than Miss Priscilla's somewhat thin and chilly bosom could afford, they lavished on their new friend all the wealth of affection their repressed young hearts were capable of; and although they were undemonstrative, as country children usually are, Miss Emily soon perceived the truth, and was deeply touched by it. The love and trustful dependence of these two children, made a new experience for the lonely seamstress. She scarcely knew whether it had in it more of pleasure or pain.

The deacon had observed Miss Emily's firm, quiet way of managing the somewhat unmanageable elements under her charge, and nodded to himself in silent approval.

"No nonsense about her," he was wont to say to himself. "She knows what's what every time."

His conclusion might seem somewhat vague to an ordinary mind, but it afforded the deacon much satisfaction. Yet he seldom addressed himself directly to Miss Emily. She thought him scarcely aware of her existence, and was a little surprised when, one day, he manifested a desire to hold speech with her.

"I hear you sew for a livin' when you are in the city," he said, bluntly.

"Yes, sir," she answered, a little startled.

"Pretty poor livin' to be got that way, I guess."

"It is not such living as you have here, with all the world to live in," said Miss Emily, looking out over the wide fields to the distant hills.

"Hum!" said the deacon, a little puzzled. He thought those hills an almost sacriligious waste of land. He watched the sky for indications of weather favorable to his crops. He searched the forest for good lumber and fire-wood. He examined the fields to see if the soil was in good condition for bearing. But he could not understand what interest Miss Emily, a city seamstress, could have in all these things.

Yet it is probable that Deacon Hathaway, and others like him, who live all their lives surrounded by nature's wonders, with mute lips and seemingly unseeing eyes, unhearing ears, have in their hearts a deeper and more abiding love for them than they are conscious of. They realize no attraction toward Nature, because they are already with her, a part of her, as she is a part of them; but if removed from the soil, they pine and die, like a hardy wild shrub,

potted and put into a hot-house.

"Ah!" said the deacon at last, "I s'pose you feel crowded sometimes in them brick streets with so many people."

"A little," assented Miss Emily; "but I have no reason to complain. I have always found employment, and some poor women don't."

"But livin' costs a sight in the city. I s'pose you don't save much."

"No."

Miss Emily was growing a little uncomfortable under this steady fire; but Milly created a diversion.

"Father," she said, "Miss Emmie says she used to live in the country when she was a little girl like me."

"Did she?" said her father, his eyes softening as they rested on the child.

"Yes. It is a great happiness to be in the country again. I feel as if I had gone back to my childhood.'

A light broke in upon the deacon.

"You like the country best, eh? Most city folks don't—leastways they're crazy about it a little spell in the summer; but the first cold snap sends 'em helter-skelter. Mebby *you'd* be willin' to stay here right along."

She did not notice the shrewd, keen, questioning glance he bent upon her. Her eyes were far away.

"Ah, if I might!" she murmured, with a little catching of her breath. "But I am very thankful for my summer here."

"Hum!" said the deacon. But he did not pursue the subject further, and Miss Emily went home innocent of any suspicion as to whither all this was tending. Even when he began to "drop in" now and then, during the pleasant hour after tea, it did did not occur to her that his visits had reference to her. She was not used to finding herself the special object of any person's thoughts and attentions; and when, one evening, he asked her somewhat abruptly if she would be his wife, she fairly gasped in her surprise.

"You needn't give me an answer now," he said. "I've took my time, and I want you to take yourn. We ain't two colts that can't stop to look where they're goin' because some fool fancy's a drivin' on 'em. We've got over such things, and know what we're about. I've allus said I'd never marry no woman that the children didn't take to; and I must say I never saw 'em take to anybody as they do to you. We don't put on no city style in livin', but you'll have enough to eat and wear, I *guess*." The deacon gave a grim chuckle at this pleasantry. "You won't have the hard work to do; I guess you ain't used to that if you've allus been sewin'. I'll git Miss Hatchett to stay. It's the children I want you to look after."

The little seamstress' brain was in a whirl. The deacon's words passed by her like the hum of the bees outside, but their general import remained. He was offering her a home and plenty; life, through all the days that remained to her, here among the country sights and sounds so precious to her, so hallowed by dear associations. In return for all this, he wished her to devote her time, thought and strength to caring for him, his house and his children. As a purely business arrangement nothing could be fairer. Ah, if that were all!

She sat for some moments in silence. Her face bore no evidence of the struggle through which the had passed, as she raised her eyes and said:

"You are very kind, Deacon Hathaway. But I don't think I need—"

Children's voices interrupted her. A joyous band, just returned from field and foray, trooped passed the window. Every one had a thought for Miss Emily. Milly looked up and smiled her own gentle, trusting smile. Jack's merry, brown eyes—Tom's eyes—laughed into hers, as he triumphantly lifted a hat full of black-berries, indicating by a swift pantomine that they were all for her, as soon as they could be properly cared for.

Miss Emily grew very pale. They loved her; she was a lonely woman!

She turned to the deacon with a strangely agitated face:

"I—I will tell you to-morrow," she said.

Mrs. Day had not labored under any delusion as to the object of the deacon's visits. She had found an excuse for absenting herself this evening, and now as the deacon passed out, she saw that something unusual had happened.

"Well, deacon," she said, smiling, "am I to congratulate you?"

"Hem!" said he, stopping short. "Well Mis' Day, you kin see into a grin'-stone *about* as fur as the next one."

"May be. But I don't need any such power to be able to see into this."

"Hem! Well, 'taint settled yet. I told her to take time to think on't, and I'm comin' agin tomorrow."

"I shall be glad to see her your wife, deacon.

She's a sweet, sensible little woman, and she'll be a good mother to your children."

"That's just it, marm. Priscilly Hatchett is a good house-keeper, and so far forth I ain't no fault to find. But I ain't satisfied with the way she manages the children. She ain't go no guv'ment over 'em, and they don't like her, nuther. Now, *she's* got a takin' way with her. Whatever *she* says, they'll do, and seem to like it."

"Yes, she has a real gift with children, though you'd hardly think it to look at her."

"Of course, I don't expect *nobody* 'll be to me or the children what poor Melissy was. But I guess we'll get along. She'll have a good home, and things easy. I don't allow that either of us'll work very hard the rest of our days. We're getting along in years, and there ain't no need on it."

Mrs. Day remembered "poor Melissy," and thought if the worthy deacon had only "allowed" that she should not work so hard in those old days when the farm was not yet free of debt, it might not now be necessary to fill her place. The deacon had not meant to be hard. He only expected his wife to do what he saw other women doing; and poor Melissy, whose frame nature had not fitted to the bearing of heavy burdens, strove silently to fulfill his expectations. As a natural consequence, over-wrought nerve and sinew gave way. She died when little Melissa was two years old, and the deacon was left wondering over the mysterious ways of Providence, and the delicate constitution inherited by his baby daughter.

"Miss Emily ought to consider herself a fortunate woman, as I have no doubt she will," said Mrs. Day.

"Well," answered the deacon, straightening his tall form with a complacent smile, "I guess she'll find it ruther better'n jobbin' round sewin' for this one and that one, airnin' just enough to keep body an' soul together."

The next evening Mrs. Day again waylaid him, as he left the sitting-room and Miss Emily, after, it seemed to her a strangely brief consultation. As she looked into his face she started. This was not the aspect of a successful suitor. The deacon was a crest-fallen, dejected, rejected man. He would have liked to slip away unseen; but his old friend stood before him, her face the image of amazement, and something must be said. He wished he had said less the evening before.

"Deacon, you don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," he interrupted with something like a snarl. "She'd ruther go back to her sewin' than take one of the best farms in the country."

"But why—why—"

"*I* don't know. Some fool nonsense about our not hevin' the right kind of feelin's for one'nuther. Feelin's! It's a different sort of feelin's that'll trouble her when she gets her eyes sewed out, and finds herself in the street."

"Dear me! I thought she had more sense."

"Oh! mebby she thinks somebody's comin' with a coach and four to set her up in a stun house in Mad'son Square."

We must forgive the deacon his little fling. His vanity had been sorely wounded, and that at a moment when he was looking for something different. He knew there was hardly a well-to-do-widow or spinster of suitable age within a radius of twenty miles who would not have gladly accepted his offer. And now to be rejected by the little seamstress, for whose hand-to-hand existence he felt all the landowner's contemptuous pity! It was soothing to find that his old neighbor and friend had as clear a sense of her folly as he himself had, and he departed somewhat comforted.

Miss Emily sat in her favorite place by the open window, as her hostess entered the room. She half rose, than sank back, nervously twisting her fingers in her lap.

"Miss Emily," said the elder woman, "I hope you will not think me meddlesome, but I should like to say a word to you about Deacon Hathaway."

Miss Emily started.

"He—he told you?"

"Yes. I hoped your answer would be different. I should like you for my neighbor."

"You are very kind. But—but it can't be."

"I must confess, I don't see why. The deacon is a plain, unpolished, undemonstrative man, without romantic ideas; but he means to do right. I don t think you would find him unkind or ungenerous."

Miss Emily made a little gesture of deprecation, but did not speak.

"He offers you a comfortable home. The children are fond of you. What more can you expect?" —"at your age," she was about to add, but checked herself.

Miss Emily flushed a little. A glow came into the blue eyes.

"I expect nothing—nothing," she said; "and others should not expect so much of me."

"I don't understand you."

"No one can care much for me now, or care for

affection from me. I am well aware of that. But you should not ask me to degrade myself by marrying without it."

"Do you call it degredation to be an honest man's wife?"

"I should not be his wife," she cried passionately. It would not be marriage. It would be desecration—desecration of a woman's holiest instincts, of God's most solemn ordinance."

"You have been reading too many romances, Miss Emily," said her friend indulgently. "Look at the plain, practical side of the question. You are alone in the world; your youth is past; your strength may fail. A home, abundance, and kind care are offered you. You have only to accept them."

"But I cannot accept them."

Mrs. Day was fast losing patience. This phase of the little seamstress's character did not appeal to the sympathies of the practical woman.

"If you were a sentimental girl of eighteen, I should expect nothing better of you. But you are a mature woman now, and ought to put aside such fancies. Haven't you learned yet to see the realities of life?"

"There are realities that cannot be seen or told." murmured the culprit.

"What did you say, Miss Emily?"

"Mrs. Day, do you think it would excuse me for doing wrong to say I am thirty-eight instead of eighteen?"

"Miss Emily, I have known women—good women—who married with none of this romantic feeling which you seem to think imperative, and with no consciousness of wrong-doing. They were good wives, faithful mothers. Are you prepared to set yourself up as a judge over all these, and say they did wrong?"

"I judge nobody—nobody but myself," said poor Miss Emily, piteously." It would be wrong for me. I am sorry to vex you—you who are so kind; but I can't help it, and I—I can't talk about it."

One morning, a week later, a well-filled carriage went bowling over the smooth country roads to the railway station, five miles away. The children were looking forward to their reunion with parents and friends at home, with an eagerness that left no room for regrets. But Miss Emily's eyes wandered wistfully over hill and field and wood as they slipped by, taking a mute farewell of that they never expected to look on again. Yet, though the eyes were wistful, the lines of the firmly shut lips did not waver.

A rushing railway train, a few hours, and all that enchanted summer-land of light and music, scent and color, lay far behind her, a part of the shadowy past. Before her stretched the future—bleaker, grayer, barer, than she had ever before imagined it—a future made up of toiling days and lonely nights, haunted at last by a shadowy, growing dread of the wolf at the door, waiting for the first sign of weakness, for failing eyes and trembling fingers, that he might dare to spring at her throat and drag her down to death.

TWO SURPRISES.

A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German King with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side,
"My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend and two to spend.
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler, "Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes.
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy King; give me thy hand,"—
And he heaped it high with gold—

"When more thou needest, I command
That I at once be told
For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say,
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

—*R. W. McAlpine.*

"LET'S GO A MAYING."

Runs abroad a wooing breeze:
Come among the singing trees!
There, at early light, began
Mystic litanies to Pan,
While the hive and sylvan brood
Sipped their nectar-sprinkled food.
Bloomy surges roll aside,
Azure islands are espied—
Wreathed with May is heaven's face;
Underfoot the grasses race,
And the violets presume,
With soft lips, to ask more room.
Runs abroad a wooing breeze:
Come among the singing trees!

OUR far-away ancestors in Old England were wont, on May morning, to gather the white thorn and hang it in their porches and over their doors. They had their "cakes and creame," their dances around a garlanded May-pole as high perhaps as the "mast of a vessel of 100 tons."

We cast somewhat wistful looks across the two centuries of puritan proscription; in the pagan heart of us the frolic allegiance is still unviolated; the May-pole has never been cut down, the gala-dance minds the old tune and time, and yet we keep no holiday pageants. If we did, we should do well to make our festival a movable feast, deferring it somewhat beyond calendar date. In our climate May-day is apt to show a face austerely bright, and to breathe chillingly on all forward leafage. The cress and claytonia, that powder woodsides and pastures, might pass for a thin skim of new-fallen snow, and the shadbush, overhanging the stream, for a slight local snow-cloud, lazily sifting its unmelting flakes upon the water.

We have moved our May-day to the second week in the month, and have chosen a plot of enchanted ground as the suitable place for our celebration. We will go into the orchard. A blind man could not miss the way if he paid any heed to the fragrant advices continually arising. Delicate notice of this character is often given out before the buds unclose, as though a little chary sweetness were offered for the comfort of April, who had to go before the full flowery consummation to which his showers have contributed. I never read the line,

"There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,"

without giving it a vernal rather than an autumnal meaning. The flower of the peach is surely beauty's emblem. It is now the pink and white maidenhood of the year. The day seems scarcely to advance out of the morning time, wearing as it does to its latest hour these tender auroral colors. The peach and the apple-blossom season merge imperceptibly. Yesterday the apple-trees showed only here and there solitary white stars of the constellated myriads to be seen to-day. The orchard knows from what quarter spring comes, and throws its banners out in that direction, the first buds to open being those on the sunny south side. No pomp and circumstance in which Nature indulges, are more impressive than the artifice by which, in so short a time, she clothes the angular and crabbed old age of an apple-tree with the fresh and rotund beauty of youth. "The cooler shades of love," which the sprightly eye of Herrick beheld in his favorite white-thorn, are here also. A lover's bower should be in an orchard, and the time should be always May.

We taste pleasant novelty in the fact that the first dense shade of the year is not found under green leafage, but under a canopy of flowers. And is there not loving kindness between the seasons, when almost the first act of the young spring is to decree a white floral cenotaph in memory of Winter and his snows? And yet, under the apple-tree in May I am reminded of the rose in June, such evident consanguinity is there between these two members of the same great family. By a slight hyperbole of vision, a full blown apple-tree becomes a full-blown white rose of prodigious size and rare perfectness. The scent of an apple-flower readily recalls that of the rose. Once, walking along a

bank above the lake, there was blown in my direction a delicious rumor that harvest apples were ripe and ready to fall. There was no orchard in sight; and besides, the rumor came from the region of the lake, as from some mysterious Hesperides in its bosom. Soon, however, I saw on the very edge of the bank a vigorous bush of sweet-brier thickly hung with fat green hips which were ruddy on one side. This was all there was of my orchard and harvest apples. Perhaps some zealous horticulturist will yet lay the rose under contribution to utility, by making it yield an edible fruit resembling the apple; but I would vote that the rose be left free. The blossom of different trees, perhaps, vary as greatly in tint, size and degree of fragrance, as do the apples in appearance and flavor. Doubtless your orchard expert knows his greening, golden sweet, king of Tompkin's county, seek-no-further, Canada snow, pippin, gilly-flower, limber-twig tree, as well by its floral promise-to-pay as by its mature fruit.

As we sit resting our eyes upon the masses of cool bloom, the flowers seem to cast twinkling glances upon us, to lift and shut their tinted eyelids. There is no wind, this morning; then, what is the meaning of those slight mysterious stirs among the blossoms? The bees are losing no time. Look and *listen*. Just now the orchard is a flower-piece set to music; the wood of the apple-tree conceals a sweet-voiced oracle, like that in Dodona's grove of old. Some one with a talent for numerical calculations should estimate the yield *per diem* of this honey "bush." Perhaps we should count apples but a secondary harvest, the first being honey. With the blooming of the fruit trees come certain winged genii, servants of the apple they may be called, since they hunt down its insect enemies. Here comes various warblers, *en passant*, at once the delight and the despair of the amateur ornithologist who tries to identify them. They are quickly lost in the depths of bloom. Yonder flash of sunshine, and perpetual spring of song, is the summer yellow-bird. The oriole is here, and on the alert. If I do not see his orange flame, I at least hear his quick, emphatic "keep it! keep it!" What the question of possession is about, I can never determine. A sad soul is our neighbor, the Carolina or mourning dove, in the third tree of this row. Yet, but rarely does she utter her note of disconsolation—a sound between a sob and a groan, as of breath drawn in pain and weariness of spirit. An open secret is before us: on that low limb is what looks like a mossy knot or the stump of a pruned-off branch. But what relation does the knot bear to that soft-eyed Quaker-colored little bird perched upon its rim? On examination the knot proves to be a nest, artfully and artistically trimmed with lichens of the sort that are found on old apple-trees. The pewee proprietor of the nest, when not closely occupied at home, takes up a position on the fence rail and busies himself with catching flies, darting into the air after them, and back again to the same place on the rail, as though fastened there by an invisible tether. The quickness and accuracy of the sportsman who shoots a bird on the wing—are they not matched by this bird, which is sportsman, gun and projectile combined? It sights the moving insect, allows for its progression, and then shoots itself at the mark; but the course of this live missile is not necessarily direct; if the insect veers, its pursuer can make a very acute turn. A hummingbird among the apple blossoms strikes us as something of an anachronism, being connected, in our minds, with the tropical depth of summer, intense sunshine and the fiery trumpet-flower. What is its affair here, does it seek honey or the insect life that infests leaf and flower? How painstaking and methodical this mite of a bird on its airy round! Perhaps it has a contract to visit, within a prescribed time, each blossom on the tree. Occasionally, as though exhausted by its exertion and enthusiasm, it lights, and rests for a moment. I mark its slight palpitating body, its large wild eye, so uncanny, and malacious withal; might not this be the mischievous counsellor, the "bird of the air," who hears and tells of all conspiracies?

A petal falls slowly to the ground, and another, and another, and another follows—as in an infinite series. Our May bower is fast losing its snowy roof. The flowers take flight far and wide, some of them sown in the creek, some in the dusty highway. We must set our faces summerward, for the spring has slipped past us.—*Edith M. Thomas.*

DEVOUTLY look, and nought
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then,
The strength of God acts through thee.
—*Wisdom of the Brahmins.*

"THE EARTH IS OUR MOTHER."

*A Teacher's Experience.**

THE earth our mother! and never was a truth more plainly set forth than this grand, beautiful, restful truth, that the earth was made in "the beginning" for all the children of the universe. The mother of us all—not mine nor yours alone, nor yet for one class or race—but for all classes and all races. I do assure you the discovery of that great truth brought peace to my mind and heart. Peace, because I believe it is not yet too late to save our civilization; because I believe that the people realize that they have left politics to politicians already too long, and are aroused to that degree which must very soon compel them to go forth and establish justice for all people and in all matters.

A few days ago I read the following lines: "If you start out a Baptist, you will wind up a Baptist; if you start out a Republican, you will wind up a Republican; if you start out a mugwump, you will find the immortal truth." If this be true, then I am glad indeed that I started out a mugwump, for I verily believe I have found an immortal truth. At least I have found a truth that has changed the whole face of the universe to me, and has made me feel that life is, after all, well worth the living.

When I left my home in the country a few years ago, and took a position in one of the schools in this city, I did not know what poverty meant; for while the burden of the present unjust distribution of the proceeds of labor fall as heavily upon the agricultural classes as upon any other class, yet owing to the sparse population, the cases of absolute want of food and clothing cannot go without discovery and relief. The first year in the city passed quickly, and I tried hard not to realize the condition of many of the families from which my pupils came. I partially succeeded, and was comparatively happy, although very many, many times I felt like saying with J. G. Holland in "Bitter Sweet," "God forgive me! But I've thought a thousand times that if I had His power, or He my love, we'd have a different world from this we live in."

The second winter that I passed in this city, even in memory, is something horrible to me. Its revelations went so far beyond what I had ever dreamed might be possible. In the early part of the winter a very heavy snow fell and lay on the ground until early spring. The weather set in very cold, and continued so for many weeks. When the severe cold came on so suddenly, I supposed the parents were not ready for it, and quieted my sympathies by thinking that in a few days the new warm clothes for the children would be ready. But the days went on, and the clothes were never ready. At last it dawned upon my mind that these children could have no warmer clothes, and that the very children whom I had wished many times would stay at home on account of their scant clothing, were there in my school room very early and very regularly every day, because it was not warm and pleasant in the squalid homes from which they came. I could relate my experience morning after morning, and how it came to be my habit to go an hour earlier than usual, to let those little people in, and also how a portion of my salary went for stockings and mittens and bread for those children. But all was of no avail, the fact remained—miserable poverty. It seemed to me that nothing more could happen to make the situation worse than it was. But such was not the case, for as the days went on, five children from as many different families would almost daily come to me, sometimes in the morning after school opened, and ask me with their thin lips and hungry eyes, to let them run home and see if their mother had found some breakfast for them yet.

Here are a few among the many painful instances that I recall: On one of the coldest mornings of that winter, after my little people were all in and as happy as I knew how to make them under the circumstances, I noticed that during the first recitation that Celia ——, a girl of 12 or 13 years (who was quite lame with hip disease), had her head down on her desk. I passed quietly back to where she sat, and placing my hand upon her head said, "Celia, what troubles you this morning? Tell me without hesitation." She raised her tear wet face to mine and exclaimed brokenly, "O teacher, mother left us so cold and hungry when she went to work this morning. I came to school and left my two little sisters and the baby in bed to keep warm. Can't I go home to them? I think I ought to go." There could be but one answer—she went, carrying with her breakfast for them all; and never will the impression I received that morning of the great injustice of our social conditions leave me, and never can I forget the look of unutterable misery on the pinched, prematurely old

*Miss Leonora Peck's address before the Chicago Anti-Poverty Society.

face of that crippled child. A few days later the family was relieved by the city. The place they called home was one small room in a basement, where the mother with her seven children, was trying, as best she could, to live and keep her children with her. The father had been dead but a few months, and even though the mother worked every day when she could find work to do, little by little what they had in the house went for food and coal. They at last found refuge in what I would think little better than a cell, and were found just in time to save them from starvation. What kind of a person is he who would not be impelled, by witnessing such misery, to seek its remedy? I say to you, that to me that person is not human who, while such undeserved suffering is found on every hand, questions the need of an anti-poverty society.

Later on in the same winter, there came into my room a bright-faced Norwegian boy. When the cold weather came on he began to come tardy in the mornings. I did not like that, so insisted that he must start earlier from home. He did so, but I was surprised to see him come so dirty, with his face and hands looking just like a coal miner's. I talked with him about it, and asked him what he was doing to be so dirty. He told me he was gathering coal. I let that pass by, and a few days later he left school without my permission. The following morning I took him alone and questioned him, to find out if he was playing truant. He was not playing, and this is what he told me: A few months before, while his mother was out with a basket hunting coal along the tracks and under the cars, and wherever she could find anything that would burn, she was caught under one of the cars, and one of her limbs cut off, "and now," the boy said, "I have to hunt the coal." I knew then why his clothes and face and hands were so black. A few days later I missed the boy altogether. A week or two passed, and then one morning he came in looking shy and timid. He came straight to me. I asked him if he had been sick; why he had been out so long? He could not tell me; he did not answer at all. While I was waiting to hear what he had to say, one of my boys from the back of the room spoke out quickly, "He is a coal thief, and that's what they arrested him for." And that was true. To the boy the disgrace of coming late to school was a greater crime than taking coal from the car, instead of waiting to pick it up underneath it. He filled his basket and took it home to his mother. When he returned to continue his work, the corporation—the same corporation which deliberately shortens the supply of coal, that poor people may be forced to pay a higher price for it, had him arrested.

Another of my pupils was a very pretty child of about seven years. I was quite interested in her, and feeling sure that she had just as near nothing on her little body as was possible for her to have and appear clothed at all, when the weather grew so cold I spoke to a very kind woman about her, and secured a supply of underclothing and skirts for her. When the child came the next morning I sent her into the dressing room to put them on, and in fastening the clothes for her, I found I had guessed correctly. All that the child had on was two thin calico slips, that fell straight from her shoulders to her ankles, a pair of stockings and an old pair of shoes. A few days later, when I was about to give a language lesson, I told the children to put their heads down on the desks and go to sleep, and dream a pretty dream to tell me when I awakened them. They did so, and in a few moments their heads were up, their faces so bright, and each in turn told such a wonderful dream of Santa Claus and Christmas trees, and of presents they were going to give to me. When the turn came of this same child who had received the clothes, she stood by her seat and told her dream very quietly. She said, "I dreamed about God. I thought He gave me some new clothes, and made it warmer out-doors." I confess that I could find in myself no such sweet faith as was exhibited by that child in her reliance in the "All Father," from whom she had received such bitter neglect.

Put yourself in my place, and I think you will not be surprised to learn that I grew very bitter, and failed to find anything "holy" in such conditions; and, moreover, I felt that if there were joy in heaven over the sight of hungry eyes and shivering little bodies, with their frozen, festering faces, ears and fingers, I wanted none of that kind of heaven; and I said to myself, "Anything is better—annihilation even—than the prospect of a future spiritual state under the control of the Divine power that could leave human beings in such material conditions, where, in spite of their efforts, such suffering must be." And my faith in the accepted theological beliefs vanished never to return, and with it went my faith in the wonderful institutions of this gloriously free country of ours. Such was my feeling, when a friend suggested that I read the works of Henry George. I did so, and almost before I was aware of it, I was a crusader of the most rabid sort.

When I commenced the reading of "Progress and Poverty," I had in my heart a bitterness toward a Divine Providence which could create a race of beings whose lives and happiness depended upon the material bounties of the universe, and then maliciously thrust in as one of its physical laws that those bounties should not increase as rapidly as the number of beings dependent upon them. For I was no wiser than the millions of others who had unquestioningly accepted the teachings of the long line of political economists from Malthus down, who taught the hateful doctrine "that population outran subsistence." But what was my joy to receive from the pages of "Progress and Poverty" the message that God had not forgotten the world; that the Malthusian theory is a libel upon the Creator; that it was not the design of Providence to feed the children of earth with manna from heaven, or by the mouths of ravens; but that God had provided a land teeming with the means of sustaining life, and to secure its just distribution has given to his children that sweet natural religion, "The brotherhood of man." I learned that the sad fact, that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, instead of being an evidence that there is no God, or that he is indifferent to the undeserved suffering of his children, is rather an evidence that the human race has not yet proved worthy of the grand trust reposed in them of securing through governmental institutions a just distribution of more than ample natural bounties. So while those of us who have seen the light, eagerly catch up the beloved name of the author of "Progress and Poverty," we avenge ourselves and our kind upon Malthus and his mischievous philosophy by proclaiming him to be the father of atheism.

I am sure it would have been very difficult to have found a happier creature than I was when I realized the change which had taken place in my mind when I had read "Progress and Poverty." I found my old faith reviving. I took heart of hope and read again and again the gospel of the new crusade. I began to realize that it was ignorance of many of the divine laws, and a willful disobeying and maladjusting of others, that had brought about all this poverty and injustice; and that it needed, perhaps, the sight of just such misery as I had witnessed among the children of the very poor, to awaken the consciences of the people to the fact that something must be done, and done very quickly, or much worse conditions must follow; and I believe that in the work taken up by the anti-poverty society and its kindred organizations, lies the only hope of averting the intensifying of conditions even now terrifying to contemplate.

The new political economy taught in "Progress and Poverty" shows that there is no remedy except by putting into full operation the religion of the brotherhood of man. It shows that individual charity cannot remedy the effects of injustice; and furthermore the book shows that the theory that there is a race improvement which will in time eradicate every wrong and injustice, is a miserable fallacy, and is only useful as a screen which the fortunate draw between themselves and those who suffer want. It shows that the preservation of our civilization is dependent wholly upon ourselves, and that that preservation is to be attained through nothing more nor less than an economic adjustment based upon plain, common, religious justice. To my mind the pure white banner of the new crusade is not only the symbol of the highest religion ever offered to mankind, but it also marks the only gateway of approach to that happier day when there shall be "peace on earth, good will to men."

I am not in this movement because I know so much of the details of the science of the proposed reform, for I really know very little about them. But I am in this movement because of the actual natural religion there is in it; because this reform proposes that justice shall be done to all the children of the great Father; because I believe that sooner or later, with free land and free trade, the national boundary lines must disappear, and the whole round world become as one grand republic, governed by the people and for the people. Not in our time, perhaps, will all these glorious hopes be realized. But what of that? We are content to be just seed sowers, and leave the reaping to those less fortunate than we. Less fortunate I say, because they will not have the pleasure of seeing the whitening of the dawn of the beautiful day when justice shall be done on earth.

I am very sure I for one have got religion, and I do not propose to go in on probation either. I can remember, not so very long ago, how I used to be amused at the Methodist brethren's enthusiasm; but now I quite understand and appreciate it. For I realize that faith in our movement, enthusiasm in our movement, is the surest way to success. And I will tell you all now that, while I am not logical enough to ever be a teacher in the science of this reform, my enthusiasm is such that, like the good old brethren, I must once in awhile, at least, be heard from in the amen corner.

May the good time hasten when this beautiful world of ours shall become as a heaven on earth, when the light of divine love shall so expand men's souls that they can be content to recognize the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; when all the children of his universe can say as did the Indian chieftain, Black Hawk, and with the same perception of the right of all men to the use of the soil: "The earth is our mother."

RAMABAI.

THE little Hindu maiden heard a voice amid the lull
Of singing streams and rustling leaves, in groves in Gungamul;
It swept along the mountain wind down to the Western sea—
Heaven whispering to the listening earth, "Truth, like the air, is free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering caste away,
To give his fledgelings liberty for flight in ampler day
Then man's close cage-like code allowed; and so the maiden grew,
To reach of thought and insight clear no dim zenana knew.

Child of the lone Ghaut Mountains! flower of India's wilderness!
She knows that God unsealed her lips her sisters dumb to bless;
Gave her the clew to bring them forth from where they blindly grope;
Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamps of hope.

Bravest of Hindu widows! how dare we look at thee,
So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?
We, who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain the slaves
Of indolence and selfishness, immured in living graves?

O, Ramabai, may we not share thy task, almost divine!
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's own work no less than thine.
The Power that unseals sepulchres will move thy little hand!
The stone rolls back—they rise—they breathe—the women of the land!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD.

SARAH M. PERKINS.

VI.

"Some gay romance of olden time
Methought the festive scene resembled,
Where all the air in measured chime
To silver showers of music trembled.
But one there was went floating by
A creature of all creatures brightest,
With laughing lip and azure eye,
A graceful form and step the lightest."

SUMMER had come with her long golden days and glorious beauty, and still Dr. Howe lingered at the home of Captain Winslow. His sister returned to her school, and Grace was again absorbed in Latin and history. Captain and Mrs. Winslow had cordially invited the doctor to remain till his health was fully established; indeed had urged him to tarry till the summer was over before he returned to New York and its heated pavements and impure air. Grace did not urge him to remain, but when her lessons were over for the day and her books put away, she found it very pleasant to find so intelligent a person ready to talk with her or ride with her, and she acknowledged to herself that Dr. Howe was a very gentlemanly, and agreeable young person, and almost wished that he were her cousin or her brother so that he need not go away.

About this time it became necessary to decide upon some school for Grace. The different seminaries were discussed pro and con, and catalogues examined.

"Why not send her to Barcley, Vt., with Ellen?" asked Dr. Howe. "It is not a large seminary, and the village is not large, and it seems a very good school. I know the principal, he is a good man and has been a teacher for thirty years, therefore he understands his business."

"I would rather go there than anywhere else!" said Grace.

"I think it would be well," said Mrs. Winslow, "for the opportunities seem good for music, and she could learn to draw and paint. The term begins in September, and her birthday comes the last of August, and she can have a nice party at that time, to see her friends together before she leaves home."

"I will also cast my vote for Vermont," said the

captain smiling; he always laughed when his wife referred to music for Grace.

"Then we will call it decided," said Grace, "and I am glad that fate or Providence has so decreed, for I shall have no examination to enter, and need not half kill myself in the preparation, and then be on *qui vive* for fear of being sent home in disgrace. They take poor dunces like me just as they are, and then all the more credit to the school for the transformation that is affected in two or three years."

The plans were made, the necessary letters to the principal were written, and the sewing for a school-girl's outfit was duly commenced. Grace was very busy with her lessons and her work, and found but little time to indulge in day dreams. Tenderly as she had been reared, it would be a great change to go away from home alone with no relative to watch over her, and she realized it very sensibly as the time approached. How would she succeed in learning the lesson of self-reliance in a girl's school? But the party, that must be given, also occupied her thoughts, and it must be a success, if possible. The birthday came, and the evening was very beautiful, the full moon shone upon the lawn before the house, and the flowers gave out their choicest perfume. Grace had trimmed the long double parlors with vines and flowers, till they seemed lovely enough for the gala reception of some fairy queen. No pains or expense had been spared, and the invited guests came early and lingered late. Music lent its enchantment and young men and maidens were gay with excitement, and it was indeed a scene of joyous delight to the young people of the vicinity. Peerless among them all stood Grace in her youthful beauty. She was dressed in white muslin looped with flowers, and a few white roses adorned her dark hair. She also wore a white necklace of great value, which was presented to her by one of her father's old friends in China. Her dark eyes gleamed with pleasure, for she was well aware that this party was quite an event in quiet Sydney, and she knew also that her young friends were enjoying themselves.

Dr. Howe was surprised at the easy grace with which she received her guests. It was a position in which he had never seen her before, and he admired her quiet self-possession. He understood full well her soft tread in the sick room, and her gentle voice beside the couch of suffering, and he had been a daily witness of her entire devotion to the happiness of her parents. He had also wondered at her indefatigable energy and perseverance at her studies; but here was a favorable opportunity for comparison—to see her among a large number of other young ladies, representing the best families in the vicinity. He saw that she was the bright particular star of the evening, and was fitted to adorn the most exalted position. His half-matured plans for the future took a definite shape from that hour.

"I will never leave this place," he mused, "till I have asked her to tread the thorny path of life by my side. I presume she will raise those dark eyes in surprise, and say, 'No, I thank you,' but nevertheless, it shall be done. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

At a late hour Mr. Hamilton came in, and was soon engaged in an earnest conversation with Capt. Winslow and a group of gentlemen from Boston. They were in the midst of a scientific discussion when supper was announced, and he arose quickly and gave his arm to Grace and led the way to the table. But he talked more with others than with her, and seemed scarcely in the genial mood for conversation. When they were again in the parlor, he engaged in sallies of wit with Ella Howe, and listened good-humoredly to her descriptions of life at boarding school. He went away at an early hour.

The wee, small hours had come before the music ceased, and the lights paled and the last guest departed. When the last good night had been spoken, Grace walked out upon the piazza and leaned her head against one of the pillars. The moonlight rested upon her floating garments like silver spray, the cool night breeze fanned her heated brow, and she was thinking of the vanity of all this gaiety and nonsense, when Dr. Howe came up the gravel walk and stood before her. He had been walking home with some young ladies who were neighbors.

"I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," he quoted, "have you had a beautiful time, or rather has the evening party been as enjoyable and lovely to you as it has seemed to be to others."

"I think it has been a pleasant party," she replied, a little sadly, "yet I never quite meet my anticipations. I was thinking as you came up of my first journey to Niagara Falls. It was one of my early dreams to visit that famous place. I had been to China and to South America, but that was nothing to Niagara, and I never would be happy till I had seen this famous waterfall. Papa heard all my ravings about it with his usual patience, and finally took me there. When I alighted from the cars at

the Suspension bridge, and caught my first view of Niagara, I was most intensely disappointed. 'Traveled so far just to see that!' I exclaimed, and wished myself at home. But the longer I remained, the more I appreciated the wondrous beauty of the scene, and when a week had passed I was sorry to leave the place. Now the wonderful anthem of Niagara, deep calling unto deep, will go with me forever. So with my first party, it all seems like vanity and vexation of spirit now, but when I am lonely and homesick at school a few months hence, I presume I shall remember it as a most delightful evening. How has it seemed to you?"

"I have been thinking very seriously for hours."

"And your great thoughts, if you please?" she added in a careless tone.

"Will you listen patiently to the recital?" he asked.

"Certainly, I am a patient listener," in the same playful tone, though she looked up more seriously when she saw his excited manner and pale countenance.

"I did not intend to say this to you, I meant to go from your hospitable home carrying my secret with me." Then came the old, old story, so very old yet ever new, the same that Eve heard amid the bowers of paradise, and has ever since had the aroma of Eden. "I have wealth and you shall share it; I will fit up a home for you in any part of the earth where you choose to dwell, and will make it very beautiful, as lovely as your own taste shall dictate. Will you be my wife, the sunbeam of my home?"

Grace's face crimsoned, but she answered calmly, "*No*, Dr. Howe, these words are not for me, we do not belong to each other. I am too young to hear such words, I am only an ignorant school-girl, and must know much more than I do now to be the helpmeet of any intelligent man. We will be good friends, that is all; I cannot give you a more favorable answer."

"I am willing to wait," he replied, "wait till you are satisfied with study, and are out of school. Yet I prefer you as you are, the tree of knowledge will make you no wiser."

"No, Dr. Howe! years must pass away before I listen to such words from any man. Were you a prince or a king I would say no just as firmly. I cannot turn aside from my books, and I must be perfectly free till I am out of school."

"Be it so then!" he replied in a tone of bitterness, "but I shall talk with your father." Then with a hurried good-night he went up to his room.

Grace went to her apartment soon afterwards, and found that her friend Ella had retired and was sleeping soundly. She took off her thin party dress, and laid herself down very quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeper, but no forgetfulness came to her that night. The words to which she had just listened were so unexpected, and yet, Grace was like other girls, and they were not wholly unwelcome. Dr. Howe was talented and handsome and wealthy, yet he was not her ideal,—not quite what *he* would be whom she could reverence for his goodness, and who would guide her to higher planes of thought and teach her to live the unselfish life of the Christian. He was not religious like Mr. Hamilton, and though he was a most genial and pleasant friend, yet in the far-off future, when the trials and the cares should thicken about her pathway, would he be the one to direct her soul heavenward,—to the rest that remaineth? Tears came unbidden for her vanished childhood, and she felt her own lack of wisdom. She knew that the question must be met again after he had talked with her parents, and if they approved his suit could she still be firm in her resolution?

How many humble souls there are who would have gone directly to Him who hath taught, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." But Grace had not yet learned to pray from the depth of her own heart, nor had she found the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life. She was seeking happiness where it could never be found.

The morning came soon, the world was again awake with its bustling noise and din of business. The sunshine streamed into Grace's room and awoke Ella suddenly.

"Dearie me!" she exclaimed, as she sat up in bed, 'I dreamed that I heard that horrid old school bell: thank my stars that I am fifty miles from Barcley! Ah, Gracie, my heart's delight, what a splendid party you had; it was well worth a journey from Vermont. How nicely my pale blue silk fitted! Did'nt that Miss Standish from Boston look stylish?"

But receiving no reply from Grace, she turned over for another nap.

Grace arose quietly when she found that Ella was again sleeping, and began to study her lessons. Then she went down stairs and assisted Nannie about the late breakfast. The family met at the table with the usual cheerfulness and discussed the

party over their eggs and coffee. The breakfast over, Capt. Winslow and Dr. Howe went out for a morning ride, and were absent till noon. On their return, Grace noticed that her father seemed restrained and even sad. He had been listening to the doctor's proposal, and he suddenly awoke to the consciousness that Grace was no longer a child, but a woman, and another would claim her heart, and she would go willingly from the loved home-nest, where her life had been so tenderly guarded and so happy. It was an unpleasant idea to him, and he was glad of any excuse to delay an answer. He pondered it seriously, he knew full well that Dr. Howe possessed the richest mental gifts and many heroic and excellent traits of character. He was brave in the hour of danger, almost to the sacrifice of his own life. Yes, he esteemed him very highly and would sadly miss him when he departed. But were his principles all that he could desire? Would it be for the permanent happiness of his child to give her to one who never worshipped the God of his fathers, or knelt in adoration or gratitude for the gift of a Savior to our world? Grace was the child of many prayers, and had been consecrated to God from her earliest breath. Would he be a help to her in seeking the higher life, the real life hid with Christ in God? He had said something of this kind to the doctor as they rode homeward.

"I know that I am not much of a saint," he replied, and an unbeliever of many things that are deemed sacred by many others; but for this reason, if for no other, I need Christian influences."

Very true, but would your influence or hers be the stronger? She needs a good angel by her side to win her to the right way. She is but a child, a wayward child sometimes."

"To me she seems the personification of goodness, truth and loveliness. She is just right as she is."

"Cupid is a blind god, remember," said the Captain, with a smile, as just then he thought of the days of his own wooing. "But I will talk with Grace and her mother upon this subject, and will see you again."

That afternoon when the house was all again in perfect order, Mrs. Winslow took her sewing and went to her usual seat in the back parlor. The Captain came in soon after and took a seat nearly opposite; he had his daily paper in his hand, but he did not look at it, he seemed abstracted, and took one end of the handkerchief that she was hemming and began to pull out the threads.

"What troubles you?" she asked, a little anxiously, "you are not going to China again, I hope!"

"No, no, not that, but Grace is seventeen years old, do you ever realize it, mother?"

"Seventeen! of course she is, and had her birthday party last evening. She is just my age when I first saw you, and pronounced you the nicest man in the whole world. Do you remember the time?'

"It seems to me that I have a faint recollection of it," said the Captain smiling, "but who would have thought that Grace is a real young lady and has just had an offer of marriage."

"From Dr. Howe, I presume. I expected that things were drifting that way, and I am sure that she cannot do better; she is a girl you know, and will need a friend and protector after you and I are gone. Were she a boy she would be independent, but girls need to be cherished and have homes. My own married life has been so peaceful and happy, that I want her to be equally fortunate and marry some good man. There is not a girl in Sydney but would feel honored by such a proposal, and I trust that you will be reasonable about it and give your approval."

"I do not fancy giving her up quite so readily," he replied, "but I will consult the young lady herself upon the subject."

When Grace returned from her lessons, late in the afternoon, her father called her into the library, and they freely talked the matter over. Their opinions coincided, there should be no engagement, no exchange of letters, but the doctor was to visit the family when he pleased, and at the end of two years might speak again upon the same subject. Dr. Howe gave a reluctant consent to this arrangement and the next day was on his way to New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Song of the Skylark.

It is said the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning, they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains earth ever listened to.

WOMAN'S WORK.

*A BRAVE BATTLE.

LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

XXI.

"No great deed is done by falterers,
Who wait for certainty.
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The individual will to seek the good.
'Tis this compels the elements and wrings a human music
From the indifferent air.
The greatest gift a hero leaves his nation,
Is to have been a hero."

FEW of us can ever hope to be heroes or heroines in the ordinary sense of these words, and thus leave a bequest to our country, but we each may follow the voice of duty and abide not with the falterers, but among the only truly happy—those of steadfast mind and undivided will in the quest for good, the greatest quest of all, and that alone upon which waits a sure reward. High purpose, noble bearing, and brave doing, are possible for all, nay, rather are a sacred obligation. Outward circumstances, natural endowment, ease or difficulty in attainment, may have to do with securing certain ends, but affect in no way, save to enhance, the value of actual endeavor, which is the real test of any life.

In the Hall of Marlborough College are these lines of Emerson's:

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man—
When duty whispers low, 'thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

It is a great comfort to recall that the commendation of Christ was not, Well done, good and *successful*, but good and *faithful* servant. His reward had nothing to do with largeness of results, but wholly with fidelity. Emerson once wrote to Carlyle, "And whatever betide us in the inexorable future, what is better than to have awakened in many men the sweet sense of duty, and to double the courage of virtue?" This might well be the work of a genius, but for one less gifted, what better than to confirm faith in God and right living, by the daily performance of individual duty along the common walks of life?

We are accustomed to exalt privilege, but of one thing we may be certain, that unless we first heed the voice of duty, we shall never know the joy of privilege.

This is God's law of profit and loss, and we must needs put ourselves in accord with it to insure the highest inspiration toward noble character and action. On the other hand, the evasion of duty brings a hindering bewilderment, if not entire loss of our true relation to the Divine life and plan. By establishing this individual harmony with the current of true progress, we make it possible for God to work in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. To one thus in accord with the supreme purpose and love, new vistas open, whether consciously or not, opportunities, events and people are found to supplement his own lack of power and influence. It is not easy to grasp, even in thought, this mysterious community of interests and effort, but all the same it is a part of God's great design, and on the human side has its tap-root in simple loyalty and cheerful obedience. And so Janet, doing her little part with no dream of its bearing upon a wider work, was helping to shape destiny as we all do, or to thwart it. She met the duty near at hand, despite fear of possible failure and loss, and entered into the joy of an affluent and blessed fruitage in the lives of the children committed to her care. Very likely if she had depended upon a single effort, or counted the work done with the signing of the pledge, this might not have been, for all human experience proves the wisdom of Isaiah's method of teaching knowledge: precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little. No other way is made known by the multiplied agencies and helps which brighten these latter days. Childhood is claiming, and receiving, likewise, in a greater degree than ever before, the attention it merits. There is, however, far more sentiment expressed upon this subject than has back of it the careful effort and painstaking necessary to secure practical results, and without which the most fervid idealism is of little value. We remember what a thrill of admiration for infantile possibility and power ran through the country, when in 1876, little Mary Newton, with the soft touch of her child's finger, set loose the current that shattered Hallett's Reef, one of the perilous group of

*Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

sunken rocks in New York harbor. Wonder and delight were repeated when in 1885, Flood Rock, a similar obstacle, was similarly removed. How many utterances on the power of small things were graphically pointed by this incident. Marvel it was that effect so grand sprang from touch so gentle. An eye witness tells us: "Each man held his breath for a particle of a second of time, and then there was a dull, reverberating report, aud a mighty mass of water went up to meet the sky. It was a sight sublime. The water was as white as the purest snow. It went up in three big blocks, each tapering into peaks as they reached their highest altitude, and glistening in the sun like molten silver. The centre peak was a third of an acre wide at its base, and a yard wide at its greatest height, which seemed 100 feet. On either side of it were two greater blocks of water, which ascended at least 200 feet into the air, and tapered off at the ends just like any mountain top as seen in the distance. The sun played against the glistening water, and depicted every hue of the rainbow. It was an enchanting picture.

The descent of the mighty mass took three seconds of time, and then the white foam was lost in the angry mud boiling up from the bowels of the river's bed. Seething waters churned up solid blocks of rock weighing six tons apiece, and sent the surrounding waves rolling in upon the land. Then, as the rocks and mud sank from sight, a heavy pillar of dark cloud shot up."

But a more forcible lesson might be to remember what lay back of the seen effect. The years of steady work and waiting; the intense thought and care of General Newton and Abbott, the experiments, the failures and minor successes; the digging and tunnelling in subterranean depths by the patient miners; the weary limbs and torn hands; the packing of the huge mass of explosives—48,000 pounds of dynamite in the first case, and 285,000 in the last. All this before the delicate pressure of a child's finger on the electric button could release the lightning that hurled into mid-air the obstructing and dangerous reefs of Hell Gate.

We talk of a generation for temperance and righteousness, secured from the children of to-day, but fail oftentimes to realize that this can be done by no sudden magic, no easy well wishing, or happy dreaming. Applied power, patient and long continued effort, sacrifice and intelligent devotion under God, will work wonders, but nothing less.

Janet followed the children of her infant class, not only while she was their teacher, but in after years when other work took her away from this Sunday-School. She knew that they stood brave and true for temperance and right in the midst of severe temptation. As the Mission grew into a self-sustaining Church, the strong hands of these young people helped to make it alive in temperance principle and effort, and a large power in all lines of Christian endeavor. When larger and more difficult tasks came to Janet, she found this early experience a constant source of inspiration and encouragement; indeed, without it, the wider work might never have been hers. The fact of what had been done in her own class, suggested that it was possible in all, if some one had the wisdom, and courage, and influence to set in motion such an effort. If only she could arrest the thought of the Sunday-school officers and teachers as hers had been caught and turned into this channel! But most of the good men and women with whom she came in contact did not appear to see the need of any special work in this direction. Nor was it likely that those older and wiser, and with larger experience, would listen to a single youthful voice, however earnest. But God does not stir a soul into intense desire, or call it to any task which alone it cannot compass, without also developing the means whereby the need, whatever it may be, is supplemented. We do not see the correlation of forces or influences that unite the flame of purpose in one soul with the ability and willingness in another to make the practical test, but none the less both are guided by heavenly wisdom, and are but the verity of "His everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

The Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union had not been organized when Janet began her temperance work. The little medal she gave her infant class bore the inscription, "The Chicago Ladies' Temperance Organization." When the Union was formed soon after, the work for the children naturally fell to her, and as naturally from her training and experience, the Sunday-school seemed at once the most fitting and the most hopeful field for such effort.

But who would help her? Her sensitive spirit shrank from such a venture with real dread and doubt as to any success that was likely to attend it.

Janet felt in after years, when the plan, proposed and given she believed of God, became a state and national one, that it might have failed and she lacked courage to press it, but for its kindly reception by a few in the beginning. For this reason her warmest thanks were ever due those who gave it the first

welcome and help. God's work through human agency in a matter of this kind can only be with those who are free from the trammels of prejudice and custom, and wide-visioned enough to read his handwriting, though inscribed in letters that are *new*.

James Hoyt, who had cast his first ballot for the righteous prohibitory law of Maine, was also the first to encourage and aid Janet in her difficult work. He was at that time not only Superintendent of one of the largest Sunday-schools of Chicago, but also President of the Superintendent's Association, whose object was to secure the highest good of the various Sunday-schools of the city. Through his kindness and that of the Secretary of the Association, Janet was invited to present the plan of temperance work to that influential body, though some of its prominent members protested, fearing it was establishing a dangerous precedent.

He was the first Sunday-school superintendent in Chicago who gave the quarterly Sunday to temperance through the study of God's Word upon this subject, and appropriate exercises, thus by example as well as by commendation, helping to inaugurate a systematic plan of Biblical instruction, in addition to the signing of the pledge, the use of temperance literature, songs and concert exercises, which plan has been greatly blessed of God both in Chicago, and throughout the country. Many difficulties attended its introduction—it was an innovation upon the established order of things; it was hindered by lack of conscience as to individual responsibility, by lack of knowledge as to how the work was to be carried on, by lack of faith that it could be successful, especially in those Sunday-schools where the scholars were largely from the families of our foreign population. It was said, "We must respect the prejudices of the Germans, who do not look upon this matter as we do."

But little by little the conviction grew that while we ought indeed to remember kindly their national influences and habits, the *welfare* of any people is much more worthy of consideration than their prejudices. All the more because of their lack of education upon this point, should we endeavor most earnestly to teach their children, who are to become important factors in our Christian republic, either for good or ill.

From the commune crowd that clamors for the destruction of our Sabbath, and those religious institutions which are the bulwarks of our national peace and prosperity, we have everything to fear, but from the honest, industrious loyal German, we have much to hope if we improve the opportunities for religious influence and education which are open to us.

The very *life* of our republic is involved in the issues of the question, whether the Christian portion of our nation recognizes and fulfills its duty toward those who even in this land of gospel light are sitting in the dark shadow of spiritual ignorance. We *can* reach the children, and through them the parents. Wherever this work has been undertaken, and wisely and patiently carried on, the results have been most blessed. Nor has the good hand of our God been upon the Sunday-schools, thus working in the matter of temperance, alone. Superintendents and teachers give their testimony that a special spiritual as well as outward prosperity has followed the brave meeting of duty in this respect. Especially has this been true of the Mission Schools, though surrounded by saloons, through which the children and young people were constantly tempted, as well as by the drink habit in their homes.

Time and space would fail to tell of the other lines of preventive work, which have sprung into being in the later years of the temperance effort in Chicago. There is little that the true-hearted women who make up the various Unions, have not undertaken. Besides the Central Union, that well deserves the title of "mother of all," various others have been formed in different sections of the city, including those of the young women, whose bright enthusiasm and winning grace have lent refreshment and light to the graver work of the older societies. It was Janet's privilege to call the meeting which resulted in the organization of the first Young Woman's Union in the country, though a Temperance League had been formed a little before, I believe, in another State.

The following extract from a letter of a member of the South Side Young Woman's Union, written from the East, where she was spending the winter, will show a girl's loyalty, and how one can help the good cause:

"Oh! N———, last night I went to a little party in our block, and such trials and tribulations as I had to endure. These aristocratic swells like to make fun of the westerners, and of Chicago—that 'little, flat country town.' I can stand that, but when it comes time for refreshments, and the table is filled with decanters of *sherry* and *claret!*—then is the time I make myself known and show my temperance principles. I certainly don't get laughed at

either, then; but I declare I do not like it. I feel like mounting a stool and preaching temperance to those *moderate drinkers* until the air is blue, I get so indignant. Thank fortune, I am not thrown in such society all the time. But it's the 'tony' people, you know. Last night they were polite enough to refrain from anything more than sherry in their lemonade,—but it's the principle of the thing. Oh, well, I can't run the world, but I can do my little anyway."

Mrs. Charles has said, "One of the best ways of combating evil, is to help all that is good and beautiful to grow." Believing this to be true, the temperance women of Chicago have given their thought and effort to the lovely philanthropies which indirectly have to do with preventing intemperance. Chief among these are the Kindergartens, Kitchen Gardens and Industrial Schools, with their ministry of love, and last but not least, the Day Nurseries, where the little ones of poor working women are cared for during the day, thus rendering a beneficent and Christ-like service to both mother and child.

. . . . . .

In closing this simple record, it may not be unfitting to say, that as a natural sequence, the boy whose feet were early set in the ways of total abstinence by his wise mother, and who held himself true to her teachings, came at length to find it his duty to cast in his lot with the party of The Home *versus* The Saloon, and yielding to the wishes of the temperance people, stood as their representative for the chief magistracy of the State. And by so doing he spoke through example to every young man who has the grave question to decide, as to what he will do with the privilege he holds as a citizen of this great commonwealth. Can any regard lightly the fact that he holds a power which must tell either for good or ill, according to his decision. Well may all such ponder seriously the appeal of our own immortal Garfield:

"Young man, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket, even if he does vote it. But let me give you one word of advice, as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead."

Truth and right alone make a living issue, all else is dead, and he who abides by these, at whatever cost, is sure to find victory, and only he.

Rain Lilies.

[To the Texas Y's. by Laura G. Penuel.]

THE sunlight shot fierce splendor on the soil,
And shook its glittering spears on plain and hill,
Herbless and flowerless, the earth lay still,
In burning fetters, haughty summer's spoil,
Whose kiss can kill.

The prairie's gold and purple turned to brown,
The dust grew gray and fine as ashes spread,
The woods were mute, the panting birds had fled
To the deep rivers slowly shrinking down.
The flowers were dead.

"Must we bear longer, Lord?" the people cry.
But black clouds gather from the threatening south,
And thunder-riven and lightning pierced, the drouth,
Dies in the blessed showers, that, flashing, fly
From the clouds' mouth.

How fresh and sweet and fragrant, now, the sod!
How pure and bright the pearly light of morn!
See, everywhere, the parched earth to adorn,
Lifting their happy faces up to God,
Lilies, new-born.

Rain Lilies, hidden graces of the world,
Waiting the call of dark and stormy skies!
When the floods come in torrents, lo! they rise,
The curse is slain, the foe is backward hurled,
The death-plague dies.

So, in the fierce light of prosperity,
The roots of many virtues lie unguessed.
"Where are faith, courage, patriotism and the rest?"
Cry some, "There is no love to God, no charity,
In man's cold breast."

Their roots are hidden, but when tears down-pour,
And gusts of grief and dread and anguish, tear
The hearts of the people, strength to do and bear,
Comes from above, and when the strife is o'er,
The flowers are there.

Dear girls, a burning chain of glittering gold,
Wrought from man's blood and brain, and woman's tears,
Has bound the fainting land through bitter years,
And still, a scaly serpent, fold on fold,
Its head uprears.

To slay the slayer, Heaven and earth have met
In deadly conflict, and the air is rife
With noise of war; all Hell contends in strife,
Where God, and Home, and Native Land, have set
Their standard, Life.

And lo! through all the desolated land,
Where tears rained thickest in the storm of sighs,
Pure, fair and sweet as water lilies rise,
From the black waters of the turbid strand,
Our lovely Y's.

I send you these poor flowers of my thought,
Not water lilies, kin to radiant pearls,
But simple blooms, heart-hidden, the rain unfurls
In scorched and barren lives. Such I have brought
For Texan girls.

The International Council.

ZETA.

Joseph Cook says that the telegraph and railway are bursting into consummate flower in this century. This growth which seems to be so rapidly verified by facts in our country, has brought about great revolutions in more ways than one. It has not only united geographically one section of our country to another, not only girdled the globe and established international communication, but it has created a revolution in the moral and mental boundaries of our horizon, quickened the common centers of thought, roused us to larger, broader outlooks for the future, awakened sympathetic chords heretofore lain dormant, for those less favored than ourselves, "made knowledge run to and fro in the earth," and thus linked us together in one common interest for humanity. Woman is no exception to the rule; current history and literature prove that she has been an important factor in this work. For years fettered by social ties, and dominated by public criticism, she has struggled bravely to rise above and out of this whirlpool of opinions.

All reforms trace their origin to some idea, perhaps God-given, which was lodged in some one's mind, and the seed-strength gradually worked its way through some mass of humanity, until it found outward expression in words and then crystalized into action, and if projected by a strong will power it overcame obstacles and human aid hastened its progress.

The history of Woman Suffrage is familiar to all; how some women did not sit passively down, quoting Shakespeare's couplet:

> "What fate imposes, man must needs abide,
> It boots not to resist both wind and tide";

but with a grand, heroic resolve, she has striven womanly to surmount the obstacles which limited her horizon, and now after forty years, she is permitted to look backward and review that long waiting time, and feel that the day-dawn is not far distant, when the bud of personal freedom shall also burst into the consummate flower of full-blown liberty.

Any one so fortunate as to be present at the sessions of the International Congress of Women in Alburgh's Opera House in Washington, D. C., from March 24 to April 1, could truly exclaim with Victor Hugo: "The Nineteenth Century is Woman's Century!" It seemed a mammoth undertaking for the National Suffrage Association to call such a meeting, and act as hostesses on the occasion, issuing about fifty invitations to delegates of organized societies and nearly as many more to individuals, representing various professions, who were invited to furnish papers relating to their experience and lines of work. The idea of convening such a Council first suggested itself to Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, when in England in 1882, but it was not materialized in substance until last summer it assumed a tangible form, when ten thousand calls were sent out, followed by ten thousand petitions to friends to obtain "the sinews of war" to carry on the Council. Miss Rachel Foster, of Philadelphia, a lady of wealth and culture, has been associated more or less for the past ten years with Miss Anthony, and has acted as her Secretary and invaluable assistant in arranging and perfecting the details for this meeting, and she has won golden opinions from all for her high executive ability and courtesy. Facts and figures often afford only a feeble outline of work accomplished, yet you gain some idea of time and expense incurred,—four thousand letters were written, and thirty-seven thousand programs of sixteen pages, of seven different editions, were issued, arranging for more than eighty-five addresses and essays on subjects assigned. Alburgh's Opera House was engaged one year in advance for eight days, for eighteen hundred dollars for the week of Congress. One hundred thousand copies of the *Woman's Tribune*, edited and published by Clara Bewick Colby, of Beatrice, Nebraska, and the official organ of the Council, were issued during the week of Congress here, at a cost of three thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars for publishing, short-hand reporting and clerical help.

Although it was a difficult undertaking, yet Miss Anthony has proved herself before "a person for difficult emergencies;" and so when the hill Difficulty loomed ominously before "the pioneers," it acted as a double incentive and stimulus to see the top, and "courage rose the higher, the greater the demand for its exercise." It was a matter of rejoicing that they were permitted to see the fruition of hope after enduring so many years of obloquy. Never, we believe, within the memory of womankind do we find in any country the record of such a large, grand convocation of women of all ages, professions, beliefs and literary attainments, as assembled in this city on that occasion. It seemed like a great Peace Jubilee; a platform where all the treasure-house of thoughts, which have been germinating for years, were garnered in for this great in-

tellectual feast. Truly it proved "that women could think upon the noblest subjects that can exercise the human mind." There we learned from women's own lips what progress had been made, what growth attained from small beginnings, when the first Convention was called forty years ago at Seneca Falls, N. Y. It has taken a long time to educate some of the number present to leave "Doubting Castle," where they have lingered, advancing with slow and halting steps, until after a long tuition of trial and vain endeavor in the Temperance cause, they have mounted the Suffrage platform, accepting Judge Black's decision that "prayer and the ballot should be as inseparable as faith and works." Although this was not an *essential* feature of membership of this Congress, all the objective points naturally led up to and culminated in this idea. As trials are called the silver stairway to the golden throne, so hosts of temperance women have followed their beloved leader, Miss Willard, and now stand shoulder to shoulder on this platform. Let us take a bird's-eye view of this historical *tableaux vivant* of world-renowned women on the stage of the Opera House. The densely peopled house of surging humanity formed a good back-ground, while the beautiful flowers and the bright pennants, shields and flags of the different States and Countries, proclaimed the international character of the meeting.

The portrait of Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the pioneer, seemed to smile approvingly on the scene. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the President of the National W. S. A. for over 20 years, and one of its founders, was the central figure; a matronly looking lady of 72 years, with a benevolent countenance, and whose head was crowned with a wealth of white hair. Miss Susan B. Anthony's tall figure and earnest face, clearly individualized her as a woman of energy and decision, born to be a leader. Near her sat the great-hearted Mrs. Ex-Gov. Wallace of Indiana, whose step-son was our Minister to Turkey, who wrote the well-known story, "Ben Hur." Then the sweet-faced Quaker friend, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, of Philadelphia, but almost as well known over the ocean for her remarkable Bible Readings, in contrast to our stately, magnetic, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the "Queen of the Platform;" Mrs. Lucy Stone, quiet, but keenly observant, logical, and youthful looking for a woman of 70 years. Her husband, Dr. Blackwell, and Mr. Frederick Douglass, occupied seats in the rear. Mrs. Mary A. Hunt, of Massachusetts, whose name, Joseph Cook predicts, "is destined to sparkle on the extended fore-finger of history." The well-known writer, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe of Boston; bright, witty Grace Greenwood; thoughtful, suggestive Miss Mary F. Eastman; Clara Barton, the American Florence Nightingale, covered with medals and red crosses of honor; lovely, unassuming Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of the late Gen. Grant; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe; the famous Iowa lawyer, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster; bright, practical Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz; the talented, well-beloved Miss Frances Willard, President of the National W. C. T. U.; the sweet, gentle Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford; the popular lecturers, Rev. Ada C. Bowles, Rev. Anna H. Shaw and Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the latter the first woman graduate as a physician in this country; the gifted Mrs. Clara Neymann of N. S.; Mrs. J. K. Barney, National Superintendent of Prison, Jail and Almshouse work of the W. C. T. U., in whose heart the "light of charity never grows dim;" Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, National Superintendent of Legislation and Petitions of the N. W. C. T. U.—and who expects soon to be admitted to the U. S. Supreme Court, which will make the third lady lawyer enjoying that honor in our country. She has practised six years in Nebraska with her husband. Mrs. M. J. Gage, a pioneer, but better known as one of the trio of authors of "The History of Woman's Suffrage," by Stanton, Anthony and Gage. (It has been suggested that these volumes are their life-work aud monument to their memory, as it is well known that the cost of publishing, eighteen thousand dollars, has never been realized, and part of the legacy received some time since by Miss Anthony, twenty-five thousand dollars, was used to publish the volumes.) The philanthropic Miss Alice Fletcher, of the Indian Bureau, Mrs. T. B. Carse, the President of the Building Association of the Chicago W. C. T. U., who is planning the wonderful Temperance Temple, thirteen stories in height, for national headquarters; Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, President of Moral Educational Society of the District of Columbia, and the doctor of the late Chief Justice Waite; Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, the poet and eminent suffragist; Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman of Kansas City, a prominent educator and lecturer; Dr. E. B. Cheney, President of N. E. Hospital for women and children: the brilliant Mrs. Harriett R. Shattuck, President of National W. S. A. of Massachusetts; and many more gifted, noble-hearted, well-

known women in the literary and philanthropic world, which we have not time and space to mention, but whose names will be embalmed hereafter in history and song. Conspicuous among these were the foreign delegation, who brought greeting, some in their own vernacular, and others in good English. The following are the names of the delegates; From India, Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, represents the women of India; France, Mme. Isabella Bogelot, the Prison work of St. Lazare; Finland, Alexander Gripenberg, the Finnish Women's Association; Denmark, Ada M. Frederikson, The Danish Woman's Association.

Scotland, Alice Scatcherd and Mrs. Ormiston Chant, The National Society for Woman's Suffrage in Edinburg.

England, Alice Scatcherd, Darlington, Yorktown and Southport, Liberal Woman's Leagues; Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Delegate Woman's Suffrage Association, New Castle, England; Zadel B. Gustafson, Delegate National Prohibition Movement, Great Britian. Ireland, Mrs. Margaret Moore; Norway, Mrs. Magelsson Grote; Canada, Mrs. Bessie Starr Keefer.

The nine well organized Committees of the Council were distinguished by the color of the ribbon badges which they wore, which was not only an excellent business arrangement, but served as an introduction to those in attendance, and made it seem like a large family gathering. A delightful informal reception was tendered the public by the officers and delegates at Riggs' hotel, the headquarters of the suffragists, from 9 to 11 P. M., upon Saturday evening, March 24. Mrs. Spofford, the wife of the proprietor, has been identified with the Woman's Suffrage Association, and is an acting officer, and made their hotel a home in every sense of the word, to the suffragists, during the meetings.

At the religious service held upon Sabbath afternoon, March 25, Rev. Anna Shaw, of Evanston, Illinois, preached an excellent sermon from Acts 29:19, the subject, "The Heavenly Vision." Men failed to understand at the time, the wonderful prophecy uttered in Psalms 68, but to-day the vision is a reality; woman recognizes her mission. "The Lord giveth the word, and the *women* that publish the tidings are a great host." Some have had visions of political or social freedom, others of exploration of fields of knowledge, or of missions to the ignorant and degraded. All reformers and all of God's children have had truths first revealed to them in visions; and there is always a purpose in the vision, and like Paul they must not be disobedient to it. But they must possess infinite love and hope. So God calls on the women to-day "to lift themselves upon their feet, and open a way for truth to enter into their souls and there bloom into the eternal flower of constant purpose, and of a new life."

At the formal opening of the Congress, upon Monday morning, Mrs. Stanton delivered an address of welcome, contrasting the social and political status of women now, compared to that of forty years ago. She briefly referred to the political questions of the day, which are agitating our country,—land, labor, prohibition and protection, and said, "When woman's voice is in Government, our laws will be touched with some emotion, our legislation become more humane, and judgments in our courts tempered with mercy." After the address the foreign delegates were presented.

Of the fifteen sessions held by the Council, including the two Sabbath services, nine of them had distinct topics assigned to them. None of the papers could be called commonplace; on the contrary, they were delightfully exhaustive and exhausting; evincing much thought and painstaking research in collecting facts and figures. Words convey a feeble account of the eloquence and power of the addresses. There was an *embarras de richesse.*

The subject for Monday evening was Education; there were nine papers on the program, but time did not allow all of them to be read, only some of the salient points were given, and then the paper was published entire the following day, in the *Woman's Tribune.* May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, had an able paper on Higher Education for Women in the United States. She has been one of the indefatigable workers on the Committee of arrangements of the Council. Other interesting papers on The Kindergarten, Retrospection, Co-Education and College Fellowships, followed. On Sunday evening, March 27, there were nine papers on the Philanthropies in which women are engaged, as Missionaries, managers of Hospitals, those engaged in Indian work and in the Red Cross Society.

In the evening Miss Willard considered the subject, Woman and Temperance, and introduced the speakers. We learned how to reach the children, the need of Police Matrons, the necessity and desirability of a Temperance Hospital and Temple, and Our Reasons for Scientific Temperance in schools. Some of the speakers felt the need of a "temperance organized ballot, with a vertibrate candidate behind it."

In Woman's Industries, the Wednesday morning,

we learned from Mrs. Livermore, what gains woman had made during the last half-century. In 1840, she had entered only seven paying occupations. The last census of the United States furnishes the names of 300 occupations. In the state of Massachusetts, the women fill 284 occupations. In 1886, women had taken out patents for 1,935 inventions, useful or ornamental. "The epic poem of the future," says Carlyle, "shall not begin like that of Virgil, 'Arms and the man I sing,' but '*Tools* and the man I sing.'" We also had women's experience in the Grange, in the Knights of Labor, in the trades, and as farmers.

In the evening session, Women in Professions, as Educators, Journalists, Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers and in Finance, were discussed. Thursday morning brought out the subject of Organizations and Educational and Industrial Unions. In the evening we learned about the Legal Conditions and Disabilities of Women of all classes in the country. Social Purity was the topic under consideration upon Friday morning, for ladies alone. It brought out some of the oldest speakers of the Council, and there was a crowded house. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, delegate from Scotland and England, presented in a most eloquent and earnest manner the European side of the question. All who have heard Miss Willard, know how she speaks upon this theme. In the evening the Political Conditions were called up.

At the Conference of Pioneers upon Saturday morning, after a song by John W. Hutchinson, there was an "experience meeting" held, and many interesting incidents were related. There was a Religious Symposium upon Sabbath day. Two brilliant receptions were given to the foreign delegates and visitors in Washington, to the number of 800 guests. The first by Senator and Mrs. Palmer upon Tuesday evening, April 3, and the second by Senator and Mrs. Stanford, of California, upon Wednesday afternoon, and refreshments were served to all.

At the twentieth meeting of the National Suffrage Association which followed, it was decided to form a permanent National and International Council: the first to meet once in three years, and the second once in five years; the meeting of the last will probably be held in London. The President of the International Council was Millicent Fawcett, of England, and Clara Barton, Vice President. Frances E. Willard and Susan B. Anthony, President and Vice President of the National Council.

Some of the gentlemen have enjoyed these meetings, while others have queried *quid bonum?* what good will result from them? Those women "on the picket line of progress" have been stimulated to put forth new energies on the battle-field of reforms, social and political, and the "silent sisters" have felt like Miss Willard, that they have "passed the Rubicon of silence," and desire to enter broader fields of education and philanthropy, not to climb the ladder of fame, but in the interests of humanity. And, if "a human being is a wonderful potency, and can accomplish prodigies," what may not such a company do? Now, that woman suffrage is "on the rising tide it only needs to broaden and deepen to float the reform."

* * *

One of the King's Daughters.

"We have just organized the 'King's Daughters,' Martha," said Miss Powell. "Don't you want to join them?"

Martha Carroll stood in the mountain path just where it joined the main road, when Miss Powell stopped her pony and asked the question.

"I don't know who the 'King's Daughters' are," the girl timidly replied.

"If you come to the hall in the village next Saturday afternoon, it will be explained to you; but be sure and come, Martha."

"I'll try to," the young girl replied.

Miss Powell drove on up the mountain. She had a very pretty young girl in the phaeton with her, and Martha could hear them laughing and talking until they were out of sight.

Martha had been up to the mountain pasture with the cow. Her brother Jim usually did that, but he had just hired out to Mr. Burrows for the summer, and Martha had to do his chores about the place, for her other brother was just getting over a fever. Indeed, things seemed to be all wrong at the Carrols. Her father said they were always having bad luck, and her mother had gotten into a fretful way of speaking, and sometimes Martha thought she would run away from home altogether. She knew if her father would let the drink alone, things would mend very quickly; and sometimes she felt like going in the night and pouring kerosene oil over the wooden step of the saloon, and then setting it on fire.

She was thinking over all these desperate measures to bring about some happiness to herself, when Miss Powell met her and spoke so kindly to her. Miss Powell had been at the house sometimes to get Mrs. Carroll to do up some of her pretty white

clothes, for she thought Mrs. Carroll did them better than any one else in the village.

"Where on earth have you been all this time?" Martha's mother said very fretfully as the girl came in the gate. "The baby's been awake ever so long; she's just as cross as she can be, and here's my irons all cold, and my starched clothes jest spoiled."

"I didn't hurry myself very much," Martha replied in an impetuous tone of voice. "There isn't anything very attractive here."

"You have an ugly temper, just like your father's sister Ann; a saint couldn't live with her. Here, take this child and get her to sleep again, she didn't have half a nap. There's all that ironing, and my side aches terribly! When you get her to sleep, if you ever do, you can cut off some slices of pork, and wash the potatoes for dinner. I don't know how your father will come home to-day; he was cross enough when he went to the shop this morning. The Carrolls have all got the worst tempers I ever saw."

Martha had thrown an old shawl over the baby, and taken her out into the sunshine without stopping to hear her mother's last sentence. She could not bear to have her mother tell her so often that she was like her Aunt Ann, for she thought her the most disagreeable person she ever knew.

I am sorry to say that Martha did not handle her little sister very lovingly or carefully. She was in a very bad mood, and even her sick brother Chet, who sat under the large maple tree, looking so pale and thin, could not get her to say a pleasant word to him.

All the rest of the week things went "helter skelter" and "cross grained" with Martha, but when Saturday afternoon came she put on her clean cambric dress and went to the hall. She took a seat in the back of the room, but Miss Powell saw her, and she went and made her come up nearer the front, as she said she wanted to get the girls all together, where she could talk to them in a body.

Martha soon found out who the "King's Daughters" were, and she thought it would be so nice to belong to them, and do good things "In His Name." For Martha was not a bad child at heart, she only needed good influences to make her a good, earnest daughter of the King. But when Miss Powell spoke of ten to volunteer to visit the sick, she knew she could not be one of that number. She had no time to go, and she knew very little about sickness, either. It was evident that work was not meant for her.

"Ten to supply hospitals and homes with flowers," said Miss Powell.

This number was soon made up. There were many girls whose mothers had lovely gardens, and they could get plenty of flowers. Martha thought of the bed she made the year before under the sitting-room window, of the seeds she planted there, and how after they came up, and promised so well, the hens got into the bed one day when she was taking home the washing. Every plant was scratched up when she came back, and she felt so angry then that she said she never would try to have a flower bed again as long as she lived. She could get wild flowers, but they faded so quickly that when they got to the city, they would not be good for anything to take to sick folks.

"Ten to sew," said Miss Powell.

That number was hard to fill, but finally ten girls said they would undertake the sewing part.

"Ten to endow beds in hospitals."

Of course none of the girls could do that then. The "ten for mission work" was soon picked out, and "ten to help provide homes for the deserving poor," was also made up by girls whose parents would take in a couple of Fresh Air children that summer.

"Ten to sing" was filled in a moment. Martha would have joined that circle, for she was a good singer, but she was too timid to go forward and offer before the ten were made up.

Then Miss Powell said, "Ten to bridle the tongue and endeavor to live in love and charity with all men,' all "In His Name."

Martha was up on her feet as soon as Miss Powell had finished speaking. "I will be one of the ten to try and do that, Miss Powell," she said, and Miss Powell gave her a little silver maltese cross, and told her to wear it, and whenever she felt angry and was going to say the hasty word, to look at it, and remember she had promised "In His Name" to do what she could to live in love and charity with all men.

Miss Powell knew it would be a hard struggle for poor Martha. After she had given her the cross, she said, "You are one of the King's Daughters now, dear girl, and He will help you to do all that you want to do 'In His Name.'"

Martha had never felt so happy in her life before. She was determined to control her own temper, and to bring about a different state of things in her wretched home.—*Susan Teall Perry, in N. Y. Evangelist.*

Farming for Women.

Among the new industries of women, farming is steadily and deservedly growing in favor. In the four states, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota and Nebraska, there were, according to the census of 1888, 2,379 farms owned and cultivated by women, and the number has very largely increased since that time. In Dakota, a young woman physician, in the leisure of a slowly growing practice, has homesteaded and is carrying on a farm, and two young women of sixteen, in the same state, are very successfully engaged in stock-farming, while in California and Florida a very considerable number of women are profitably engaged in the culture of oranges and other fruits. The reversal, by the Secretary of the Interior, in 1886, of the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, declaring that women who had made homestead entries forfeited, by marriage, their right to complete the same, has doubtless tended to increase the number of women farmers, and by drafting off women to the new states and territories, may indirectly tend to relieve the eastern states of their surplus female population, and of some of the perplexing problems incident thereto.

This is altogether a move in the right direction. Farming is entirely a suitable, dignified and profitable occupation for women. The prejudice against their employment in agricultural labor, which arose from the brutish and degraded condition of the peasant women in some European countries, and of the women of barbarous tribes, has been gradually dying out. It has come to be understood that the degradation of these women is the result of other conditions than the mere fact of out-of-door work, and it has come to be recognized that not only the superintendence of the labors of a farm and its financial management are duties eminently suited to woman's best powers, but that the details of its work are by no means beyond her physical powers. The use of machines in large farming makes much possible to women which might otherwise be beyond their strength, but even the more arduous labors of pioneer farming, the felling of trees and fencing of land and breaking of sod have recently been performed with entire success by young women of no less education and refinement than strength and courage.

Horticulture and floriculture are especially adapted to women, and market gardening is a truly ideal occupation for women whose education in practical finance is sufficiently thorough to make them equal to the management of a business which requires a large capital and involves many risks, but the labors of which are admirably fitted for women, and the profits of which, under intelligent management, are enormous and seldom failing.

One circumstance that renders farming pre-eminently desirable as an industry for women, is that its demands are in no manner incompatible with their duties as wives or as mothers. Nearly every occupation of equal dignity and profit has its fixed days and hours, and any irregularity in meeting its demands is disastrous; but the exigencies of farming permit of such flexibility of plans and arrangements, as leaves ample room both for the ordinary and extraordinary demands of home and domestic life. Especially is this true of tree planting and forest culture, an industry which has yet to be developed in this country, and which is especially a woman's business, since women rather than men have a genius for minute care and for patient waiting, and find it more easy to live sparingly and self-denyingly while waiting for future returns.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the gracious influences of the contact with nature, the free out-door-life, the active exercise of farming. No more wholesome correction of the narrowing tendencies of women's lives, the minute economies, the petty carefulnesses, the anxious consideration of minor laws and traditions, inevitable in most of them, can possibly be found. A marked improvement, not only in the health but in the moral tone of American women, would be sure to follow upon their adoption, on any considerable scale, of this industry in its various branches.

Up to the present time, women farmers are found almost exclusively in the west or extreme south. Why should not New England women take up farming, and take it up right here, in their homes and on the farms which their fathers and brothers are abandoning for more remunerative work elsewhere? The problem of the industry of New England women is only more perplexing than that other problem of the rapid deterioration and abandonment of New England farms and homesteads. Granting that there is "not money enough" in a worn-out New England farm for an active and ambitious young man, there may still be enough for a woman to whom a home in a settled country among refined associations, with the privileges of cultured society, churches, schools and libraries, is worth more than a chance of future riches. All over New England, especially in Maine and New Hampshire, are

houses, large, roomy, luxurious even, in comparison with the city quarters of poor folk, standing deserted in the midst of worn-out farms, which, turned into timber lands, or even cultivated as farms, would give a home and health and happiness to the hard-worked, almost starving, widowed mothers of unruly city boys, who are growing up to be the pest and the problem of their time, but who, transplanted to such country homes, would be redeemed to usefulness and manhood. Or let it become an acknowledged and understood fact that the women of a family are fully competent to carry on the farm, leaving the men free to seek occupation in the neighboring towns and cities, and there will no longer be the pressing need of breaking up dear associations, and leavnig ancestral homes, to seek in the far west that livelihood which the old farm is inadequate by itself to give.—*Louise Seymour Houghton in Lend a Hand.*

ABOUT WOMEN.

Women carpenters have appeared in London. When one thinks about it there is nothing in a carpenter's trade that a woman cannot master.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the money queen " of America, is the daughter of an old Nantucket sea captain, from whom she inherits many shrewd traits of character. Her fortune is estimated at $40,000,000.

Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art. Vanderbilt once paid her $30,000 for inventing a new kind of tapestry hanging for his houses.

There is a lady in this city who turns a pretty penny every month by her rare gift of writing obituary poetry. She has a happy faculty of expressing other people's woes in easy verse, and with a graceful mournfulness and dejection that is highly satisfactory to the principals.—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

The *Indian Witness* says: A widow re-marriage was celebrated at Bombay last week, which excited some interest in the town. The widow-bride, nineteen years of age, is the daughter of a Mahratta Brahmin priest, and the bridegroom, a young man of twenty-four years, is the sub-editor of a native newspaper, the *Guzerati*. The marriage was celebrated under the auspices of the Bombay Brahmo Somaj—a society described by a local paper as " a devoted band of brothers, about twenty in number, who believe in universal brotherhood, and worship one God."

The shackles of the infant widows of India are loosening, and will some time be broken.

Miss Garrett Anderson is at the head of the London school of medicine. She is the leading woman physician in England, makes an income of 10,000 pounds, and has the strength and energy of a man.

Mrs. Kate Richmond owns extensive lead mines in the northwestern part of Wisconsin. Mrs. Richmond has introduced new methods of mining, and is adding new life to the lead mining interest, and thus adding wealth to the state.

Mme. Bonicaut, whose recent death is felt in France as a national calamity, began life as a village laundress, and ended it as the owner of the immense Bon Marche in Paris. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that this store was " as vast as a ministry of state, and probably required at least as much ability for its government." Her charities were boundless, one of the least of them being her gift of 30,000 blankets to the poor of Paris in the hard winter of of 1879. " I have no near relations," she once said, "and no happiness, except what I enjoy in the pleasure of those I help."

Miss Blodgett, who has charge of protective work among young girls in Boston, has aided more than six hundred of them since the Young Woman's Christian Association employed her to undertake the work last July. She aids unprotected girls arriving by coast or foreign steamers, helps them to find their friends, warns them of the dangers of a great city, and finds them low-priced but respectable boarding-houses.

Miss Mollie Green, a school teacher in Perry county, Tenn., has become quite a heroine. A mad dog ran into the school house and made a dash at one of the children. She jumped between the dog and the pupils, told them to run, and by means of well-directed kicks, protected by her skirts and with a heavy ruler, she kept the dog at bay until the children were out, then springing out the door she pulled it after her and fell in a faint outside. Her clothes were torn to tatters by the dog in the struggle inside the school-room, but she escaped without being bitten.

Twenty years ago women could not vote anywhere. To-day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in 14 of the United States, viz: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon and Wisconsin.

The jubilee memorial to the queen in favor of stopping the sale of liquor on Sunday, has only just been handed in. It was signed by 1,132,608 women, and is said to be the largest ever presented. Among the ladies who waited on the home secretary with it, were John Bright's sister, Mrs. Margaret Lucas, president of the British Woman's Temperance Association, and Mrs. Temple, the wife of the bishop of London. They mentioned the significant fact that in one small town, where there were 42 liquor sellers, the wives of all but four had signed the memorial.

Jane M. Bancroft, who is well known as Dean of the Woman's College of the Northwestern University from 1877, when Miss Willard resigned, to 1886, is now in Europe. She came here to study German and French educational methods, paying special attention to the subject of history. Last year was passed at the Zürich University, and the winter was devoted to the University at Paris. She has been admitted to the "*Ecole des Hautes Etudes*," which is a school of higher investigation connected with the University. The permission was accorded by Monsieur Gaston, Paris, the President of the *Ecole*. Thus we see that the first and only woman as yet admitted, is an American, and the way is now open for others.

Miss Bancroft is the author of "The Parliaments of Paris," and I see that President Ira D. White, formerly of Cornell University, in his "Causes of the French Revolution," mentions her work as "the best ever written upon this peculiarly difficult subject, either in this country or abroad."

Miss Bancroft expects to spend two or three months in Italy, and return to the United States in August next.—*Anna Oliver.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

"She Always Thought of Self Last."

CONSTANCE RAY.

'Twas only a simple motto,
Cut on a marble stone.
I never had seen the sleeper,
Never had heard her tone.

But slowly I read it over,
And lingered with a sigh;
Could words like these have been written
If sleeping there were I?

I pictured a sweet faced woman;
Sweet, and noble, and true,
With tenderest thoughts for others,
Full of kind deeds to do.

I thought of her ever patient;
Never a fretful word
From lips that were so unselfish,
I'm sure could e'er be heard.

I fancied her often praying;
For only lives of prayer,
Could bear such fruit for the Master
Amid this world of care.

Then I scanned my own life o'er;
Its scenes before me passed,
I knew it could never be said
"She thought of herself last!"

I turned me away more earnest,
Glad for the good seed sown;
I had listened to a sermon,
Its text was on the stone.

* * *

The Training of Daughters.

JENNIE ANDERSON FROISETH.

"The world is too bad to allow one more idle, frivolous, giddy woman in it. Society at its best is too superficial; conversation is too shallow; there are too many abuses, miseries, wrongs on every side. Every such woman is a tempter. Not by man's law, but by God's law, she belongs to a criminal class."

Not long ago, a scrap of paper was waf'ed to my feet, as I sat on the verandah, watching my little children at play. It was a fragment of an old newspaper, and upon it, I read the lines quoted above. This was all, nothing to indicate the author, or in what connection the quotation had been employed.

For several years I have been deeply interested in the subject of training children, daughters especially and have read almost everything I could find upon the question. I have discussed it with intellectual

and Christian women, both individually and in mother's meetings. I thought I realized the responsibility resting upon mothers, but I was totally unprepared for the sensations awakened within me by those few lines.

Upon first reading, the criticism may appear both harsh and unjust. But on close examination, one must concede that there is a vast amount of truth in it. Do we not all know how hollow and unsatisfactory what is termed "Society" is to any but a shallow, superficial mind. And the higher the circle in the social world, the less calculated are its occupations and pleasures to satisfy a nature that desires to use aright life's grand opportunities, and grasp life's glorious possibilities. Do we not each know "Society" women, whose idle and frivolous lives exert an absolutely pernicious influence, and whose example is a constant temptation to others; women who seem to have no higher or nobler ambition than to be flattered, amused, or envied by their less fortunate sisters. Of course, there are women of the highest social position, who are not of this class, and whose standing gives them opportunities for doing good, which are amply improved, but these, alas, are the exception, and not the rule.

And the thought that now presents itself, which is fearful to contemplate, is, that there are thousands of mothers, Christian mothers too, who are laboring under the delusion that they are training their daughters with the utmost care, giving them every possible advantage of education and culture, and fitting them for all the emergencies of life, who are in reality preparing them to be of this criminal class, —tempters. Let us look around at the young girls of our acquaintance, and we will be astonished at the few who have been trained so as to make it reasonable to expect anything else of them. How few are taught that one reason of their being in this world is that they should endeavor to make it better, to help others to live, to make things a little nobler and truer than they are.

Examine the details of their education. They are afforded every facility for liberal culture—we hear so much talk of the higher education of women—and while they undoubtedly possess abundant information, they have but little heart, and less soul. They have plenty of so-called accomplishments for making a show in Society, and often accomplishing little else save their own destruction. But they have no desire, and seemingly no capacity for any noble or good work, no purpose in life beyond "skimming its selfish sweets," no holier aspirations, no grander ambition than to be a leader in the gay world. Only a day or two since, a friend remarked to me with genuine concern, "I do not know what I shall do about Mary. She does not care for music, I have spent almost a fortune on her without any results, she cannot paint or draw, and what figure will she make in Society without a single accomplishment?"

Mary is a young girl of seventeen, a very fair scholar in solid branches, a natural housekeeper, and on that day she was robed in a dress of exquisite neatness, every stitch in it taken by her own dainty fingers, which can hardly be hired to touch the piano. My friend is generally conceded to be a woman of good, sound sense, and so particular in training her daughters! She is also a religious woman, that is, attends particularly to all the outward forms of devotion, is known to be charitable, and in fact, is rather looked up to as a mother in Israel. But when she made these remarks, I could scarcely refrain from saying, "Oh, foolish and mistaken mother!" And then I thought, are not the mothers themselves to blame for this superficial education, this lack of noble purpose, this indifference to the practical duties and serious cares of life, which are characteristic of many young women in the present day.

Is it not their fault alone, that, as Herbert Spencer expresses it, "knowledge which conduces to personal well-being is set aside for that which brings applause." Dancing, deportment, singing, drawing, the piano—what large space do these occupy? And are not these only learned for the express purpose of shining in Society, of eliciting admiration, of making conquests, or in plainer terms, of becoming tempters? I do not desire to underestimate the value of accomplishments, especially music, for its influence in the family is both moral and refining. I would even recommend that every child possessing taste or talent, be afforded as good facilities as possible for cultivation. But it appears to me almost criminal to degrade so noble an art, employing it to such baser uses, and I would impress upon all youth that the motive in art culture should be a pure and noble one, for its own intrinsic value, and not "for its extrinsic effect upon others." It is going to extremes to say that persons pursuing art studies should be independent of the world; I believe art may be conscientiously and nobly studied for the ultimate purpose, and hope of gaining a livelihood with it, but even here, there is danger of working for applause, instead of excellence for its own sake.

In addition to mere accomplishments, how much

time and attention are consumed in beautifying the body, or as a cynical writer has said, "in adorning a casket incapable of holding jewels." How many young girls of fifteen and sixteen are dressed every day in robes that their grandmothers would have deemed only suitable for weddings and like festivals. Among certain classes there are very few properly and modestly attired school girls. And on the Sabbath day their dress is often more fitted for the ball room than the sanctuary. And as a general thing is this not also the fault of the mothers? They take pride in seeing their daughters "look pretty," and it is perfectly right for young girls to be suitably and becomingly attired, but too often a love for show is imbibed that gradually undermines and absorbs the better qualities of character. An inordinate love of dress in a woman is almost as fatal a passion as love of drink in a man. It is evident that a radical change is necessary in this connection, and mothers ought to see that it is effected.

Another fatal defect in the training of young girls, and for which the mothers are to blame, is the lack of interest in home employments. The tendency of the age seems to be to set up high standards for the education and culture of woman, but we hear little of a high standard of duty and usefulness. The idea that a woman ought to thoroughly understand woman's work, is almost completely ignored. I believe there is in reality less cant about "woman's sphere," and less opposition than is popularly imagined to women who are obliged to earn their own living, coming into competition with men. The world accepts earnest competent workers, regardless of sex. But the fact should not be lost sight of that there is one great distinctive work for women, that of preserving the harmony, unity and sacredness of home. No matter what their acquirements and accomplishments, if they are lacking in the qualities requisite for this object, their education has been woefully neglected in the most important branches.

Oh, Christian mothers! is it not a most sacred duty we owe this world, to consecrate ourselves to the work of abolishing "this criminal class by God's law," by endeavoring to train our own daughters in the way that not alone leads to eternal life, but also helps to make "next door to Heaven" of this life?

* * *

Baby Fingers.

Ten little fat fingers so taper and neat;
Ten fat little fingers so rosy and sweet!
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, and pulling your hair,
Soothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheek with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving goodby with infantile grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing your book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out, like a king to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradled pillow, secure from all harm.
O, dear baby hands! how much love you enfold
In the weak, careless sleep of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways
And bless with fond care our last weariful days!

—*Mrs. Richard Grant White.*

* * *

Jesse Durlap's Chance.

WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.

"Jesse, something must be done!"

"Yes, Maud, I have realized that fact for several days, but what can we do? I have racked my brain trying to think, but all to no purpose. Here we are in this little cottage in Brookville, literally hedged in. We cannot leave home to seek larger spheres of usefulness."

"Sphere of usefulness," exclaimed Maud, switching her duster vigorously. "It'll be a question pretty soon of a sphere of starving. Misfortunes never come singly, they say. Here's mother down with rheumatic fever and Seth Wilkins declares he can't pay even the interest on that note, and —"

"Look on the bright side," replied Jesse cheerily, giving the finishing touches to the room they were regulating. "Mother is so much better now, and we're a long ways from starving. We've wheat and corn, potatoes and wood, and a small supply of groceries. The hens will begin to lay soon, and Bonnie gives a nice lot of milk. Yet I know as well as you do, Maud, that we must contrive someway to earn a little money. Mother needs so many things, and there will be the doctor's bill to pay."

"Oh, dear me," sighed Maud, as they returned to the kitchen, and she commenced washing the breakfast dishes. "I do wish I was a great artist or a successful author or a popular singer, I would n't care which, if I could only have all the money I wanted for once. I am so tired of living from hand to mouth as we do."

"What are you going to do now, Jesse?" she added, as her sister brought out her cake board and began to cream sugar and butter together.

"Why, Fannie Haskins wanted me to make the

birthday cake for her party to-night, and she will help on your dress in exchange. She can give it such a stylish air. After all, Maud," whisking the whites of the eggs into foam, "I believe we'd better do the very best we can with the opportunities which each day brings us. If we are faithful in the little things we may have a chance to do greater ones. We cannot leave mother, that's certain."

Here the invalid's bell tinkled, and Jesse quickly answered its summons, leaving Maud to ponder her last words.

The cake was baked and decorated, and was as pretty as the most fastidious could desire. Dinner was over and the girls with their sewing sat down in mother's room for a long, quiet afternoon. The invalid was gaining rapidly, but was not yet able to sit up. Mother's room was the pleasantest of the house, its windows facing east and south let the sunlight enter all day. The choicest flowers of their house plants were here in a slender vase, and however much life might perplex them, the sisters brought only bright smiles and cheery words.

As a general thing, although obliged to consider carefully the question of ways and means, their life was a happy one. It was only since the mother's illness that they had tried so earnestly to add to their limited income. Jesse was the most anxious of the two, and could hardly keep the subject out of her mind, while the more volatile Maud chatted gaily of various bright things, and the mother smiled at her quaint conceits.

It was a relief to Jesse when she heard Fannie Haskins' rap at the door, a rap which she had learned to distinguish from all others, as Fannie came in nearly every day. Jesse did not take her friend into the cosy sunshiny room where Maud was sewing and entertaining her mother, but led the way into the kitchen to show her the cake. Fanny was delighted with it. It would be the crowning beauty of the table.

"I can make tolerable good, plain cake, apple cake, cream cake and one two three four cake; but these fancy fixings are beyond me."

"Won't you come in and see mother?" asked Jesse after her work had been praised, and the preparation for the party discussed, "We haven't said anything to her about this, she would be afraid we were overdoing."

"No, I guess not," replied Fannie, "but I'll come over to-morrow afternoon and give you a start on that dress. You get it ripped and pressed out nicely." Then Fanny took the cake up carefully, and started homeward.

Jesse and Maud had been invited to the party, but they could not leave their mother, and neither cared to go alone. They would be sure to hear all about it from Fannie the next day.

They had hardly finished their work when Fannie came over the next morning. Both girls looked at her in surprise.

"I couldn't wait until afternoon," she said eagerly, "I have so much to tell you. Here, let me rip up that waist while I stay. Your cake was just splendid, Jesse. Did n't I hear you say that you'd like to earn some money, only you could n't leave home? I told Miss Margrave so last night."

"Why Fannie Haskins, how could you?" exclaimed Maud in horrified tones. "Miss Helen Margrave, daughter of the wealthy professor, who has bought the Day house?"

"The very same," replied Fannie, coolly. "But do let me explain before you quite snap my head off. 'Why, I did not know you had such cooks in Brookville,' remarked Miss Helen. By the way, Maud, she is just delighted, she is n't a bit stuck up, and is so bright and kind. I had just told them that the cake was my birthday present from you. 'It is far ahead of anything that Pinxter, the caterer at Thorton, sends over, I wish I could persuade her to honor my birthday fête with such another." Then I told her what you said, and she's coming over to see you to-day. She would have called before if she had thought you'd care to have her."

Jesse and Maud were almost vexed, but there was no chance to say anything more, for at that moment the Margrave carriage stopped at the gate.

"There she comes now," exclaimed Fannie. "Never mind your morning dresses, you look as pretty as pinks. I'll go in and sit with your mother while she stays."

Jesse went to the door to admit her caller. She had frequently seen the tall, beautiful girl in Sunday-school where they sat side by side, but she had been too busy to call upon her.

"Miss Haskins thought you would be glad to have me call," said the stranger, flashing a sympathetic glance at the young girl before her.

"Thank you," replied Jesse simply, taking her into the little sitting-room where she had left Maud. But Maud had vanished. Jesse did not know whether the call was one of business only, or of friendliness.

"Miss Haskins told me of your kindness in mak-

ing her birthday cake, will you do as much for me?" Helen Margrave had fine instincts, she knew from Jesse's manner at the door that Fannie Haskins had been there before her and had told of her proposition the previous evening. She pitied the young girl, burdened with the care and responsibility of the household; she liked her bright face, her "thoughts" in the Sunday school, and admired her courage.

Jesse felt the evident friendliness of her manner, and her stern resolve melted as before the sunshine. They became confidential, and when at length Helen rose to go, each felt that she had found a congenial, helpful friend.

"Well I hope she stayed long enough," snapped Maud, as Jesse came into the little kitchen after her caller departed. "Here it is almost noon, and my dress is n't pressed out. Are you going to make her cake for her?"

"Yes, Maud, our chance has come. Not what we would have chosen, perhaps, but it will pay us well and we can work at home. Miss Margrave wants me to make all the cake for the fête, and for their family table, and she will ask her friends to give me their orders instead of sending over to Pinxter. We shall be busy and happy."

"I suppose I ought to be glad," said Maud, her gloomy face in strange contrast to her words. "I do think you are fit for something better than a drudge."

"Who said I was going to be a drudge?" laughed Jesse, moving the iron swiftly over the dark wine colored cloth. "Cooking is an honorable employment and I like it. Have you forgotten those lines from Lucile?

'We may live without poetry
Music or art.
We may live without conscience
And live without heart.
We may live without friends,
We may live without books.
But civilized man—cannot live
Without cooks.'"

In time Maud became reconciled to this new departure. Cake making was dainty work, and there were the added comforts they were able to get for their mother, besides the satisfaction that little by little they were accumulating the means to pay the dreaded doctor's bill. Miss Helen Margrave had procured them as many orders as they could fill, from families who would pay well for Jesse's confections. She often called at the cottage, brightening them all with her cheery presence. She brought flowers and delicacies for the invalid, placed many pleasures in Jesse's way, and won Maud to a more hopeful view of life.

"My sphere is a useful one if it is a narrow one," Jesse said to Fannie Haskins one day.

"My dear, there is an old saying that the best way to reach the heart is through the stomach,' laughed the merry girl. "That was true for once with Miss Helen. By the way I have a special compliment for you. I was sewing for Miss Helen yesterday, and we were speaking of you. Mrs. Margrave said that a young lady with cultivated tastes like Miss Jesse, who can work as she does, and is not ashamed to earn her living by it, is a *rare avis* in these nineteenth century days, and deserves much credit.

"I think so too," added Maud frankly. "But it is vastly more agreeable than to live on uncertainties."

* * *

The Mother's Creative Influence.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IV.

It is more than probable that the popular ideas in reference to "mother's marks," are largely erroneous, at least those which attribute every slight discoloration of the skin to something seen during pregnancy, whether the resemblance is very striking or otherwise. On this supposition, we may reasonably expect to see the whole body covered thickly with such "marks," to prevent which, as we may suppose, there are no direct nerves connecting the mother and child.

Slight causes will not produce very marked results, whether connected with indulgence or deprivation, the former, I contend, exerting by far the greater influence. I would far sooner trust the "longings" for whiskey, than its use, at a time when the influence of the mother producing the unnatural thirst, by first using it, gives it to the unborn babe "second hand." While authors differ widely on this point, it is safe to do what can be done to prevent the "marks" which relate to the physical condition, the mental and moral, as well.

And here I wish to emphasize the thought that it is not one sight, one event, one incident, affecting one for the moment, which produces any result of this kind, since we may regard the babe as moulded by the many months, including the nursing period, and the subsequent comparatively helpless period in which the child seems a part of the mother, as the

plant depends on the soil, the light of the sun, etc. I repeat we may fear long-continued indulgence, habitual violations of the laws of our being, far, very far more than "longings" with a reasonable self-control, the mother never being justified, as I suppose, in doing what her reason and conscience forbid. If the prospective mother is sensual, wholly controlled by her animal appetites, living very largely on meats of a doubtful character, diseased pork (most of which is more or less so, as indicated by the disease and ulceration of the liver) gorging herself on every possible occasion, eating lunches, for the sake of the gratification, the "mark" of her child will be that of the "beast," with but little mentality, one crying from almost a constant hunger, or a sensation resembling it—a veritable animal! If she so outrages her organs of digestion as to induce dyspepsia, liver and bowel derangements, she may reasonably expect her child to inherit her ailments, cholera infantum out-cropping during the first summer, or the second, with its worst symptoms, probably carrying the little one to the grave, the ignorant attributing the death to "a mysterious dispensation of Providence!" If she is violent in every act, in constant haste in her household affairs, reckless in her movements, subject to serious accidents, on the "constant drive," heedless of all restraint, headstrong, moodish and sullen, bound to be displeased with all about her, she may reasonably expect—if "like produces like"—that her child will be willful, peevish, mischievous, difficult of management, the victim of cuts, bruises, broken bones—a very undesirable member of the family, if she unwisely allowed herself to be whimsical during the whole period. If, by the constant use of rich and indigestible food, she practically starves herself at a time when she should be generously nourished by the use of simple and wholesome food, dyspeptic and constipated, having less strength than she needs for herself, little to spare to another, the legitimate product will be frailty, emaciation, weakness, an unsatisfied appetite, a constant clamor for what no child ever ought to eat, the food never satisfying, meeting unnatural cravings, with an early grave as the sequel.

* * *

The Wisdom of Child Life.

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking, and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside th' unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall 'wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead
"'Tis I, O Father! only I?"

* * *

An Alabaster Box.

It was in those dreary days in Kansas when the grasshopper had become a burden in a far heavier sense than that which was in Solomon's thought when he drew his picture of weary old age. Days when even strong, hopeful men grew desperate, and sent out their plea for help to their more blessed brethren, whose farms, and gardens, and orchards, the plague swarms had not visited; days when it fared harder yet with the feeble and the lonely, who knew not how to make their voices heard, or where to stretch their hands, save in the sight of heaven. Men's hearts move quickly to the cry of want, in spite of sin and selfishness, and very soon relief came pouring in from every quarter, as church after church presented the matter in the public congregation, and the press everywhere urged speedy and generous giving. From one of these church services a lady went home, eager to contribute her share toward the relief fund, and especially interested at finding among those designated by the governors of the afflicted states to receive and distribute supplies, the name of a personal friend. She said to herself, "I, myself, will pack a special box, and send it to Mrs. B. There shall not be one thing in it which I would not be willing myself to use or to receive from a friend."

The box was filled in that fashion, and held a store of new, comfortable, and valuable things—clothing, books and bedding, and still there was space for one thing more. Three years before there had been taken from that household a precious mother, one of those gentle saints whom, as Beecher once said, God sometimes lets linger on through an Indian summer of life, just to show us how beautiful His grace can make a human soul. All her clothing had gone to help the destitute except one garment, a wrapper of soft cashmere, handsomely trimmed

with silk, and warmly lined and wadded, for the comfort of the delicate invalid, to whose shoulders a shawl was a burden. It had been a Christmas present, every stitch set by loving fingers, and had been constantly worn for the few remaining weeks, until laid off by the owner, only a day before her death. It was a sacred garment, and the daughter had said, "I can never part with it; it would seem like a desecration for any one else to wear it."

But looking for one more article for the box, she saw the wrapper, and instantly came the thought, "What if in some home, a mother equally beloved and cherished, is suffering for the lack of just such a comfortable garment? Would not your saint in Heaven be grieved if you withheld it? She took it out and looked at it. There in the pocket were the spectacles through which the sweet eyes were wont to find strength and patience in God's Word, and the soft silk handkerchief, just as the invalid's hands had placed them on that last morning when she said, "After all, I believe I am too tired to sit up. If the Lord lets me come home to-day, I want you all to be glad."

The daughter took these out, but with a second thought put them back, placing with them a note:

"My precious mother laid aside this dress when she went to put on the garments of immortality. I hope it may be a comfort to some other invalid, who, like her, may find God's grace made perfect in weakness."

In a letter to Mrs. B., she told the story of the wrapper, and asked as a special favor, that it might, if possible, be given to some one who would appreciate it at its real value. So the box went on its way, and very soon word came back from it through Mrs. B., who wrote:

"You must have been inspired to send that wrapper. The box was here but not yet opened, when I had a call from a young lady, formerly one of our teachers, who had gone out to live with her mother in a little shanty on some land she was trying to secure under the homestead bill. She had to walk a long distance to her school, and finally her mother fell sick, and she was compelled to give it up. There they struggled on all alone, till at the very point of starvation, before either of them would consent to ask for relief. We shall send them supplies to-morrow, and having sent her within a mile of her home with a basket for their immediate wants, I opened your box and found *the wrapper*, sent, I am sure, for this very case, for we have only the coarsest clothing left, and these women are refined, cultivated, and withal brave, as only Christian women can be. You did well to break your alabaster box, though it was 'exceeding precious,' and I think you will even catch a little of its sweetness yourself."

But that was not the last. Two weeks afterwards came a beautifully written letter from the little prairie home, telling the rest of the story:

"It was very hard for me to realize that I must actually ask for charity, but I could not see my mother suffer. Her confidence in God has never faltered, and all through that long, weary walk, I was asking with some bitterness in my heart, why she should be forsaken in her old age. My talk with Mrs. B. cheered me up a little, she was so kind and sympathizing, and then I saw that scores and hundreds were as bad off as we, or even worse. But after all, I could not bring myself to ask for clothing; I thought we would get along in some way as we were, and all the way home I was reproaching myself for my foolish pride that had prevented my asking for what might have made my mother more comfortable. You can never know with what delight the beautiful wrapper was received when we found it among the stores sent us. I cried with joy when I shook it out and spread it before my mother and witnessed her almost childish pleasure in its warmth and daintiness. I soon had her dressed in it, and sitting up once more without fear of a chill, but when she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the spectacles, then she, too, cried. Her delight and comfort during the long, lonely days when I have been away from her, has been to read, and for some time the rapid failure of her sight has almost wholly deprived her of this resource, but these glasses were exactly fitted to her eyes, and she felt as rich as if she had fallen heir to a fortune, when she opened her Bible and found the pages once more clear and distinct before her. She turned to the verse: 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,' and put your little note in there for a mark, saying, 'It is true, my dear; it is not begging bread to make known your wants to those who give with love, because we are children of one Father. It is blessed for us and for them.'"

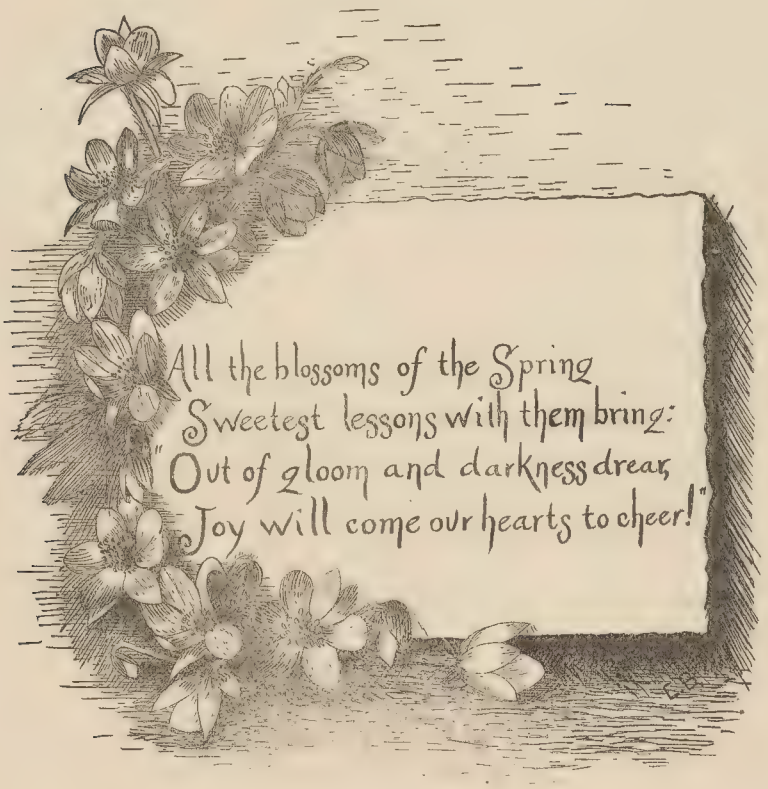
This story is true in all its particulars as nearly as I can recall them after the lapse of years since they came to my knowledge. Perhaps it may move some other Mary to bring out her hoarded box of precious ointment, and break it for the refreshing of way-worn feet.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

SONGS OF THE MAY.

Roly-poly honey-bee,
  Humming in the clover,
Under you the tossing leaves,
  And the blue sky over,
Why are you so busy, pray?
  Never still a minute,
Humming now above a flower,
  Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin-redbreast,
  Singing loud and cheerly,
From the pink-white apple-tree,
  In the morning early,
Tell me, is your merry song,
  Just for your own pleasure,
Poured from such a tiny throat,
  Without stint or measure?

—Julia C. R. Dorr.


All the blossoms of the Spring
Sweetest lessons with them bring:
"Out of gloom and darkness drear,
Joy will come our hearts to cheer!"

May Blossom.

Little May, laughing May,
Three years on our earth to-day!
Child of Spring, its radiant skies
Lent their azure to her eyes.
Sunny hair about her blowing,
Cheek and lip the color showing
Of the rosy apple-spray—
  Dainty May!

Dainty May, dancing May,
Tell us what the breezes say!
How the butterflies and bees
Murmur of their mysteries;
What rare song sings Robin rover,
When his nest he buildeth over:
How the leaflets laugh at play,—
  Fairy May!

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

Two Ways.

I drove with my husband to our nearest town, not long since, and leaving me at the principal store in the place, he went to attend to some business further on. After making some purchases, I sat down to await his return. Most of the farmers within six or eight miles, deal at this store, and to-day there were many coming and going. My attention was attracted to the dry goods counter, where a pleasant-faced little woman was looking at some black dress goods. Her husband was standing near. "Now, Sam," said she, "this stuff is forty cents a yard, and this," holding up another piece, "is sixty cents; it's better than the other, but I guess the forty-cent goods will do me."

The man came and examined both pieces in a very interested way, and said, "I think, Sallie, you'd better take this at sixty cents; you don't often get a new dress, and you ought to have a good one." The little woman was still more pleasant-looking, as she told the clerk to cut off the dress.

"Sallie," said the husband, "I'm going to buy you one of those red table-cloths."

"Sam," said she, in an undertone, "they're beautiful, but can you afford it?" He smiled, and had one wrapped up. As they went out with their packages, I said to myself, "True enough—'a good husband makes a good wife'—two such happy-looking people, and love and kindness the cause of it!"

My meditations were cut short by the entrance of another couple—a gruff-looking old fellow, and a pale, care-worn woman.

"Now hurry up, Mary," said he, "I've no time to be foolin.'"

Then Mary said she would like to look at some cloth. She selected a piece that suited her, but when the man heard the price, he objected.

"Get something cheaper," said he.

"But," said the wife, timidly, "this is for Tom's Sunday pants."

"I don't care," said he, "I won't pay so much."

So she was obliged to take an indifferent piece at a lower price. After purchasing a few groceries, the husband said:

"Come on; I suppose you've got all you want?"

"Yes," said she, looking wistfully around, "but I did want some apron gingham."

"Never mind that now," was the answer, "I'm in a hurry," and out they went.

Ah! thought I, here is a poor woman made unhappy by a brute of a man who never allows her the pleasure of going shopping with a little money of her own. She works hard, without any reward, not even kind words. Ah! this must be the kind of farmers' wives who become insane. Then I wished I were the good fairy who might put money in her pocket to buy all those things so dear to a housekeeper's heart.

The arrival of my husband aroused me from my reveries, and when, during my ride home, I related my experience, he laughingly said: "Just like a woman, to see and hear so much." "And," said I, "I feel like beating that horrid man, and I suppose that's like a woman, too."—*Country Gentleman.*

* * *

Pretty Fancies.

Driftwood fires in open grates are the latest fashionable freak. This wood is gathered along the coast, packed in barrels and shipped through the country. It is mostly wreckage. A great part of it has once been the material of ships' bottoms, and was sheathed with copper plates. The copper salts have impregnated the wood, and when burned it gives out the most beautiful green and peacock-blue flames.

To prepare an ear of corn so that it will be an article of lasting beauty, select a large, well-ripened ear and pull off the "silk," lifting the husk from the kernels, but not removing entirely, unless preferred. The leaves composing the husk may be braided at the top and fastened in a loop by which to suspend the ear, or they may be trimmed with the scissors, leaving the grain visible. When dry, paint with liquid gold, covering every part of the husk and ear. Then attach a small thermometer to the ear of corn, and finish with a bow of blue satin ribbon.

A BABY BLANKET.

A white wool blanket edged with knit wool and silk lace. At the top a spray of wild roses, embroidered, surrounded by dusky golden honey bees, then some clustered heads and wings of cherubs asleep, and interwoven in quaint lettering the words:

> As the bees about a rose,
> So the spirits group and close
> Round a holy childhood,
> As if drinking its repose.

Dotted mull is a nice material for toilet sets, crib curtains or perambulator covers, and may be embroidered with daisies most effectively. Mull having the raised dots well separated, should be selected; the larger the dots, the more showy the work will

be. Cover each dot with a satin stitch of gold and yellow for the centre and add petals of white silk. The daisies may be made with brown centres and golden-yellow petals, if preferred. Mull embroidered in this style makes pretty toilet sets, comprising scarf, pin cushion and bottle covers, lined with silk, satin, or satine, in pale yellow, pink, green or blue, and ornamented with ribbons of the same color.

Pen-Wiper.

A pretty pen wiper is made by using a medium-sized grape leaf for a pattern, and cutting its shape from green felt, also cut two or three leaves the same size from black cloth, and fasten them at the back of the green leaf. With dark purple Germantown wool make enough worsted balls to arrange on the leaf as a bunch of grapes, fastening each one to a worsted covered wire. The balls are easily made by taking a circular piece of card-board, 1½ inches in diameter, having a half inch circular opening in the centre, and winding the worsted about it until the centre is full; then cut it on the outside edge and tie at the centre with a firm thread; remove the card-board, and clip the worsted ball to the size and shape of a grape. If it does not seem full enough, hold over hot steam for a few minutes.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The Great Debat e.

How the "eternal womanly" drew the General Conference into four day's discussion whether or not five elect ladies should be received as lay delegates, has been the centre of observation of the entire world. Women cannot complain of haste on the part of this august body. They exhausted argument on both sides. Their champions were brave and unwavering; the opponents clothed themselves in a mail of "profound respect" for women. But few declared themselves as "not wanting the women," and *they* are lost in the brilliance of such words as these of Rev. J. H. Potts, editor of the *Michigan Advocate*; "I am deaf, and that is a great misfortune, but sooner would I be stricken dumb than this tongue of mine should utter one word against the admission of women."

We believe in the Methodist Conferences, and that they will lead in woman's equality in the church as they have in other reforms. Only time is needed. The question is to be settled in the States first, and it would not be strange, if in some far off year, both the lay and the ministerial delegates should numerically represent the women of the churches, confessed to be at least two-thirds of the membership. And when that time has come, we will look back upon the noble five—Frances E. Willard, from the Rock River Conference; Amanda C. Rippey, from the Kansas Conference; Mary C. Nind, from the Minnesota Conference; Angie F. Newman, from the Nebraska Conference, and Lizzie Van Kirk, from the Pittsburgh Conference, with exceeding admiration, as the pioneers of this righteous reformation.

With gratitude we record that Vermont Conference passed a resolution in harmony with admitting women as lay delegates.

"Rain Lilies."

We have lately published a delightful *brochure* called "Rain Lilies," for the Y. W. C. T. U. of Texas,—poems from the graceful pen of the State Superintendent, Mrs. Laura G. Penuel, of Hearne. By her permission, we give the dedicatory poem to our readers. The little book sells for 50 cents, and the proceeds go toward a building for Summer Meetings for the W. C. T. U. of Texas, on Assembly Hill, San Marcos. It is a very worthy undertaking, and there should be a large sale of the pretty book. Send orders to the author.

"The Wind-Swept Harp."

The tribute to Mrs. Sadd, published in this magazine, will be issued as a memorial book within a few weeks. Some poems by the author will be added, that had special connection with Mrs. Sadd's life. It is designed to present this to the women of the Mission work—the "mothers" to whom she was a beloved and helpful friend. Copies will be on sale in Louisville, and can be ordered from this office, 50 cents postpaid.

"Woman in the Pulpit," by Miss Frances E. Willard, and published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, has won much commendation from critics She evidently carries her readers with her, and leaves them convinced at the close, that "Her positions, however advanced, seem fully within the limits of a sound judgment as to facts, and the range of these facts is as wide as *Man's* sphere at least."

"NOW AND THEN."

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

The best characters have a mixture of infirmities, and the worst have some redeeming virtues.

Every strong word uttered, every loyal sentiment, every noble impulse, purifies and sweetens public sentiment, and makes it more sturdy, sinewy and robust.

Too many believe that "the world owes every man a living," and that it requires no personal effort to make the collection.

Confucius declared that a man's character is decided, not by the number of times that he falls, but by the number of times that he lifts himself up.

"Why does Diana get more beaux than I?" asked the elder sister. "I don't know, unless it is she is a little archer," said mamma, with a quiver of her lips.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response.

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday-school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, ma'am."

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

A young lady received an offer of marriage from a young gentleman, who followed his offer by saying, "I now await your answer with bated breath," to which she replied: "You will have to bait your breath with something better than alcohol, if you ever receive a favorable answer from me."

"Yes," said Algernon Tracy to the young lady with whom he was chatting, "It is useless to complain at what can't be helped. Man proposes and God disposes.

"As to the latter part of the remark," she replied, "I'm not prepared to speak; but as to the first part I can only say that some do and some don't."

An old Quaker went into a book-store, and an impertinent salesman, wishing to have some sport at his expense, said to him, "You are from the country, aren't you?" "Yes," quietly answered the Quaker. "Then here's just the thing for you," responded the clerk, holding up a book. "What is it?" asked the Quaker. "It's an essay on rearing calves." "Friend," said the Quaker, "Thee had better present that to thy mother!"

"Wife, I wish you could make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring in a pailful of water and a hodful of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to do for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well." He concluded the pies would do just as they were.

A teacher in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: "Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?" One of the scholars eagerly replied. "Yes, mum." "And why, Marmaduke?" "'Cause." "Because, why, Marmaduke?" "Because he hadn't eat the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!"

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Who was it, when I wed my wife,
Wished me a long and happy life
From trouble free, unvexed with strife?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake
A loaf of bread or fancy cake
And appetizing dishes make?
My mother-in-law.

Who gave us counsel when we went
Housekeeping, money freely spent
On things for use and ornament?
My mother-in-law.

Who taught my wife to take delight
In making all around her bright
And meet me with a smile at night?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it when my wife was ill
Bestowed upon her care and skill,
And saved to me a nurse's bill?
My mother-in-law.

Who when my little one prepared
Each morn for school, who for them cared,
And all their little sorrows shared?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when their prayers were said,
So snugly tucked them into bed
And, till they slept, beside them stayed?
My mother-in law.

Who of my old clothing took care?
Who overlooked my underwear
And kept each garment in repair?
My mother-in-law.

Who comes the first to soothe my woes?
Who loves my friends and hates my foes?
Who buys my children lots of clothes?
My mother-in-law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent
To buy the coal and pay the rent?
Who'd gladly see me President?
My mother-in-law.

A loving grandmother is she,
A generous friend she's been to me;
Forever honored let her be,
My mother-in-law.

Two nymphs, named Luck and Ill-luck,, who lived in a wood, wished to know which of them was more beautiful than the other. They went to a fox in the wood and asked him for his opinion. He turned to them and said: "I can give no opinion unless you walk to and fro for awhile." So they did. Quoth the fox to Luck: "Madam, you are indeed charming when you come in." Quoth he to Ill-luck: "Madam, your gracefulness is simply inimitable when you go out!"

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1 00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors.
BURLINGTON, VT.

A Handsome Present to any Lady.

A SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.

A SILVER PLATED SUGAR SPOON OR A SILVER PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

Send now, for the Best Ladies' Illustrated Paper printed.

We offer an absolute **free gift** of an elegant **Silver Plated SUGAR SPOON,** double plate, of **best quality,** no cheap affair, solid, honest, durable goods, to any one who will send us **25 cents** for a **3 months** trial subscription to the **Illustrated Companion** a 64 Column, 16 page paper, same size as Harper's Weekly. The Sugar Spoon is given to every 3 months trial subscriber as a **Sample** of other premiums, with our new premium catalogue containing full list of Rogers' & Bros. best triple plated ware Teaspoons, Forks, Butter Knives, Ladies, &c., Dolls, Dishes, Shopping Bags, Books, &c.

The Illustrated Companion has 80,000 circulation, is handsomely printed, illustrated, carefully edited. Splendid domestic stories, biographies, serial stories by the best writers in the land. Art Needle, Fancy Work and Floral Departments, Spicy letters, Home Amusements, Puzzles, etc. Home Cooking, Housekeeper's helps and hints. An extra Sugar Spoon or Butter Knife, if desired, will be given anyone sending us a club of **4,** three months trial subscribers, at **25** cents each.

E. F. NASON, Publisher, 111 Nassau St. N. Y.

ABOVE IS AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF A BEAUTIFUL PERFUMED CARD ADVERTISING **HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE,** THE MOST FRAGRANT AND LASTING OF PERFUMES.

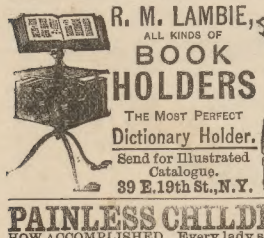
THIS COLOGNE IS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. PRICE 25 CENTS, 50 CENTS, AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

NEVER IN A 10 CENT SIZE. BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS.

E. W. HOYT & CO., SOLE MANUFACTURERS, LOWELL, MASS.

SEND 2 CENT STAMP FOR PERFUMED CARDS.

TRY **RUBIFOAM,** OUR NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE. DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED. HARMLESS. ELEGANTLY PUT UP. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.



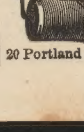
R. M. LAMBIE,
ALL KINDS OF
BOOK HOLDERS
THE MOST PERFECT
Dictionary Holder.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
39 E. 19th St., N.Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH
HOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know. Send stamp. BAKER REM. CO., Box 104, Buffalo, N.Y.

PEERLESS SACHET POWDERS

Perfect and Delicate odors, lasting for years. Imparts a Delicious Fragrance to Gloves, Laces, Stationery, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Underclothing, &c., &c. Heliotrope, White Rose, Violet, Frangipanni, Jockey Club, &c. Send 10c. for 4 elegant Sample Packages and Price List of all odors.

PEERLESS CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.



NOVELTY SPOOL HOLDER
With Thread Cutter Attached.

Fastens to dress button, while knitting, crochetting or sewing. Made of silvered spring wire. Fits any sized spool. Every lady needs it. Sample 15c., 2 for 25, dozen 75c. Agents wanted. New England Novelty Co., 20 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $35; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely **FREE.** These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold Watch** and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $1,000 to $5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable Household Samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your house, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you **do** send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT **$85,** SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STINSON & Co., Box 466 Portland, Maine.

A FREE GIFT FOR THE LADIES

This is the best spiral Wire Bustle made and commends itself to all for the following Reasons.

It adjusts itself to the form in a perfect manner and gives a stylish appearance to the costume. It is light in weight, cool, cleanly and healthful. It closes itself when the wearer sits down and resumes its proper shape while rising. By the adjusting strap it can be regulated to any size and can not be crushed out of shape. Every person sending us **25 cts,** for a three months trial subscription to the **Illustrated Companion** will receive as a **FREE GIFT** this **splendid Bustle.** The **Illustrated Companion** is a large **16** page **Illustrated Paper** full of Stories, Sketches, Wit and Humor. One of the **Finest** Family papers published. **we know you will like it.** The regular price is **$1.00** per year; we send this **handsome Bustle FREE** by mail, and the Illustrated Companion for three months for **25 cents,** a club of **Five** for **$1.00.** Accept this **special offer** while they last. Satisfaction Guaranteed. **Write to-day,** Stamps taken
E. F. NASON, Publisher 111 Nassau St. N. Y

LADIES' ELASTIC SUITS

A Tailor-Made Waist (perfect-fitting) and sufficient additional material to make a Skirt, offered

For the price of an ordinary Dress Pattern,

and guaranteed the most satisfactory outfit ever presented for the money. $5. to $21. Write for samples.

NEW SPRING STYLES IN

STOCKINET JACKETS - - - $2.75 TO $12.00
Black, Colors, Stripes and Checks.

JERSEYS { Stylish Effects. Low Prices. } **$1. TO $45.**

CLOTH JACKETS - - - - -	$2.50 TO $30.00
RAGLANS - - - - - - -	6.00 TO 40.00
NEWMARKETS - - - - -	5.50 TO 25.00
BEADED WRAPS - - - - -	7.50 TO 35.00
BLACK EMBROIDERED FICHUS -	5.00 TO 30.00

Satisfaction Guaranteed. *Write and mention this paper.*

LEWIS S. COX,
1220 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

-FOR THE LADIES-

SOMETHING NEW!

BLINN'S PATENT FANCY WORK NEEDLE.

An entirely new needle, pointed at each end, with two eyes in the center forming a tension, so that the Zephyr or other material used cannot pull out. When one stitch is taken the reverse stitch can be made **WITHOUT TURNING** the needle. Motto, Tidy and Canvass pattern work can be done much faster and neater with this needle than with the old style. Also adapted for the most intricate fancy work. A great saving in Zephyr or Silk as it can be worked up to **ONE-HALF THE LENGTH OF THE NEEDLE.** Saves time, labor and money. Put up in p'k'ges of ass't'd sizes and sent to any address on receipt of 25c. Agents wanted in every town. Write for terms, enclosing 2c. stamp for reply.

P. O. Box 322,
J. S. BLINN & CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Please mention THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements will be inserted in THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE at 15 cents per Agate line—14 lines to the inch. By the year, $1.50 per line.

Rates for one inch or more as follows:

	1m.	2m.	3m.	4m.	6m.	12m.
One inch	$1.50	$2.75	$4.00	$5.25	$7.25	$13.00
Two "	2.75	5.25	7.25	9.00	13.00	24.00
Three "	4.00	7.25	10.00	13.00	19.50	36.00
Four "	5.25	9.00	13.00	17.50	24.00	46.00
Six "	7.25	13.00	19.50	24.00	36.00	70.00
Nine "	10.00	19.50	27.00	36.00	52.00	100.00

Inside Cover Pages, each, $30.00 per issue.
Outside Cover Page, $40.00 per issue.
Reading Notices 25 cents per Nonpareil line—12 lines to the inch.
Less than one inch at line rates.
Special position 25 per cent extra.
Advertisements should reach us by the 15th of the month previous to insure insertion.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Subscription Price of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE (strictly in advance) is ***$1 a Year; Six Months, 50 cts; Single Copy, 10 cts.***

Renewals.—When a BLUE CROSS is placed opposite this paragraph, it is to inform you that your subscription has expired. We shall be pleased to have it renewed promptly.

How to Send Money.—Remit at our risk by Postal Note, Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. If the fractional parts of a dollar are to be sent, please enclose 1 and 2 cent stamps, ***none larger.*** Do not tear them apart.

Change of Address.—In ordering the address of your magazine changed, always send the present address as well as the new one.

PREMIUM BOOK LIST

We have selected a valuable list of books as premiums for new subscribers, to which we invite the attention of our readers.

For TWO yearly subscriptions to THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE at $1.00 each: either

The Song Series, — CHILDHOOD, MOTHER, LOVE, and SONGS OF THE NIGHT. Published by Frank E. Housh & Co., or

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, one year, or

THE HOUSEHOLD, one year.

For THREE yearly subscriptions to THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, at $1.00 each: either

THE POTENTIAL WOMAN, by Jennie Fowle Willing,

HOW TO WIN, by Frances E. Willard,

THE WHITE RIBBON BIRTHDAY BOOK, by Anna A. Gordon,

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS? by Mary A. Livermore,

FROM BYBURY TO BEACON STREET, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz,

OUT OF THE DEPTHS, by Laura J. Rittenhouse.

For FIVE subscribers, at $1 each,

SWEET CICELY, Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

For EIGHT subscribers, at $1 each,

WOMAN IN SACRED SONG, cloth bound; by Mrs. G. C. Smith.

CHILDHOOD: ITS CARE AND CULTURE, by Mary Allen West.

The last two books must be sent by express at cost of club getter; the others by mail post paid.

Frank E. Housh & Co.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!

LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates, the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, we, any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of **Silk** and **Satin Ribbon Remnants** of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away **free;** nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely **free.** We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely, varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. **How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion,** published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year; send **35** cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send **free** a box of the ribbons; **2** subscriptions and 2 boxes, **65** cts.; **4** subscriptions and **4** boxes, **$1.** One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get **3** friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once, for probably it won't appear again. Address,

H. HALLETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.

PORTRAITS

The greatest offer of the 19th Century in **Genuine CRAYON, PASTEL and OIL PORTRAITS,** by the **"NEW YORK ARTISTS' UNION,"** from **Photograph Tintype,** or any correct likeness. *Work done by only Graduated Artists. Satisfaction guaranteed or pay.* Portraits from $12 and upwards, handsomely framed in Oak, Bronze or Gilt. **Now is the time to Order.** Send for our circulars. Keep them on hand. Address,

NEW YORK ARTISTS' UNION,
10 East 14th St.
Between Broadway and 5th Avenue.
Visitors always welcome to Studios.
Agents wanted everywhere.

A GOLDEN GIFT.

Every person sending us **25 c.** for a three months subscription to the **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** will receive as an **Absolute Free Gift** this **Elegant Parisian Diamond Ring** represented by this illustration. This ring is of a new and very beautiful pattern guaranteed **Solid Rolled Gold Plate** and will wear well. The stone with which it is set is very clear, brilliant and sparkling. This ring is of such value that any lady possessing it will be the envy of all her friends as it is to all appearances a very valuable article. Send a slip of paper the size of the Ring you wish. The **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** is a large **64 col., 16 page** paper finely illustrated by full page engravings of artistic merit and contains Stories, Sketches, Anecdotes, Wit and Humor, and in fact all that goes to make up a complete family publication. Wherever it is once taken it is universally popular. **We know you will like it.** The regular price is **$1.00** per year. The above described **Parisian Diamond Ring** in a Fine Velvet Lined Case, and the **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** for three months for **25 cts.** is too liberal an offer to be passed by. **Full satisfaction guaranteed. This is a special offer so WRITE TO-DAY.** Cut this out and send with order, a Club of **Five** for **$1.00.** Stamps taken.

E. F. NASON, Publisher, 111 Nassau St. N.Y

It is not too late to get up a club for The Woman's Magazine for 1888, won't you try? Send for terms.

THE WONDER LITHOGRAPH
Is a Perfect Duplicator

Of Typewriting, Circulars, Music, Pictures, Plans, etc. Its copies are *unlimited*, printed in printers' ink of *any* color on any *surface*, and photographically *perfect.* Circulars *free.* Artistic specimens of work for postage. Thousands sold. Agents wanted.

AMERICAN NOVELTY CO.,
S. W. Cor. Clark & Monroe Sts. Chicago, Ill

Frizzatine for the Hair.

Preserves Frizzes and curls beautifully in all weathers. Works like magic. Every lady should try this article of toilet, it is indispensable. Price $1 per bottle. Sample sent for 75c. Agents wanted. Address,

AMERICAN NOVELTY CO.,
S. W. Cor. Clark & Monroe Sts. Chicago, Ill.

Canfield Seamless Dress Shields

Only **reliable** Shield made. Have been worn by more than six million ladies. Sales five times that of any other Shield made in the United States or Europe. **Beware** of imitations.

SAMPLE PAIR, By mail, **25 Cents.**

Pat. in U. S. and Erope.

CANFIELD RUBBER COMPANY,
86 Leonard St., New York.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO'S BOOKS.

PRETTY BOOKS AT POPULAR PRICES.

THE SONG SERIES.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

CLOUDLETS.

"Those are the patches the angels sew
Over the holes in the sky, you know,
Where God cuts out the bits of blue
To put in a little girl's eyes for you!"

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

"Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter."

LOVE SONGS.

"We were three who sailed at morn together,
'Neath the dappled, lustrous, exquisite sky;
Singing a rich old Normandic ballad—
Maud, Friendship and I.

Were three who came back at eve together,
All silently; breathing never a word:
Still Maud and I in the boat were sailing—
But Love was the third."

MOTHER SONGS.

"Yours, Mother, is a heart of gold!"

"All true trophies of the ages
Are from Mother love unfurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rocks the world."

"Slumbering song-birds are resting in silence,
While mother-birds, wakeful, the nests safely keep.
So do I, darling, bend softly above you,
Still watching and guarding you now as you sleep."

SONGS FOR THE NIGHT.

TRUST IN GOD.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

These dainty little books are made up of choice poetry and printed on very fine, heavy paper, and bound with ragged edge card board covers. Each book is illustrated with one full-page Moss Type. You will find one or more of these Song Series to exactly fill your wants this season. **Only 25 Cents each.**

THE YELLOW ROSE-TREE.

BY SARA M. CHATFIELD.

There are few stories for children so simply and delightfully told as this. A charm that is sweet childhood's own, pervades every page, and you love the little Jessie who longs so for yellow roses, that she cherishes the little limp wasted buds, and joy with her when she has a "white china vase—filled, crowded, overflowing" with the creamy beauties. **50 Cents.**

THIS BOOK IS OFFERED AS A PREMIUM WITH THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE ONE YEAR FOR $1.25, TO EITHER OLD OR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

LIFE IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE IN WAR TIMES.

Now when stories of "The War Time" are so popular, our little booklet is very timely, albeit it is a genuine LOVE story and has its foundation laid in beautiful Brattleboro. The author, E. C. Higginson, is a niece of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is bound in a popular Holiday style. **25 Cents.**

☞ *For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by the publishers.*

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., PUBLSHERS,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Mrs. Alex. Obey

IF IT IS

WORTH A CENT

TO YOU TO KNOW

HOW YOUR SILVERWARE CAN ALWAYS BE MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW WITHOUT IMPAIRING ITS VALUE IN THE LEAST, AND ALSO OBTAIN SUFFICIENT MATERIAL TO CLEAN AND POLISH YOUR ENTIRE SILVER SERVICE BEAUTIFULLY,

ELECTRO-SILICON.
20 YEARS IN HOUSEHOLD USE.

BUY A POSTAL AND SEND IT TO US WITH YOUR ADDRESS AND NAME OF THIS PAPER PLAINLY WRITTEN UPON IT AND BOTH WILL BE SENT TO YOU POSTPAID.

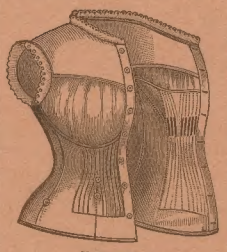
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John Street, New York.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D.C.
I FIND ELECTRO-SILICON A MOST EXCELLENT POLISH.
H. H. WILLIAMS, STEWARD.

Equipoise Waist

FOR

LADIES, MISSES, CHILDREN AND INFANTS.



PATENTED.

The enviable reputation which these Waists have acquired is wholly owing to the meritorious plan of their construction, and the entire satisfaction they have given.

The Cut represents the Waist as made for Ladies and Misses, boned, and with full bust; the construction of inside of bust under full piece, is that of a corset front, so that a corset and perfect bust support is provided within a waist. In the Open Back Soft Waists, as made for Children and Infants, particular attention to the physical proportions and requirements of the growing little ones, has been given in shaping the parts, and from the large variety of sizes, all ages can be fitted from stock.

Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price

PRICES.

Ladies' Laced Back and Boned	$2 25
" Whole " " Soft	1 75
Misses' " " " Boned	1 75
" " " " Soft	1 50
Children's and Infants'	1 00

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING.

For Ladies and Misses, take a snug measure around waist over dress, and give it to us in inches.

For Children and Infants, take chest measure also, and state age of child.

Send for circulars.

Address the Manufacturers. One good Agent wanted for every city and town in the United States.

GEORGE FROT & CO.,
287 Devonshire St., - BOSTON, MASS.

Artistic Model Form.

Made to order one's exact size. With this form dress fitting is a pleasure.

THE $3.00 EXTENSION DRAPING

"Skirt Form."

An invaluable Household CONVENIENCE.

Fits Every one. Thousands in use.

☞ Please send for circular.

S. N. UFFORD & SON,
43 West St., Boston, Mass.

A full assortment of above as well as the celebrated EUREKA SPOOL SILKS for sale by all first class dealers.

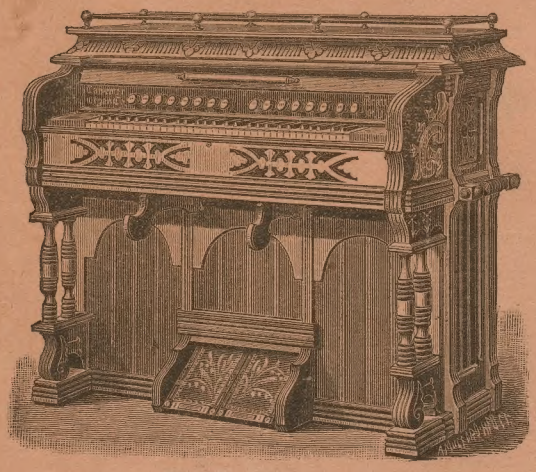
INK | BLACK | VIOLET | PINK | RED | GREEN

You can make it yourself without the slightest trouble, and at a saving of 200 per cent. with WALPOLE INK POWDERS, which will yield several quarts of the best Ink in the world. Package of either color 25 cents. Liberal discount in large packages to parties desiring to make Ink for sale. Used extensively by Schools, Banks, Merchants, and Blank Book Manufacturers. Full information by circular, free by mail. Address,

Walpole Dye and Chemical Company,
119 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

RELIABLE CARPENTER ORGANS.

FOR HOME, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND CHAPEL.



CHAPEL STYLE, No. 150.

Over 70,000 now in use, all of which are giving the greatest satisfaction.

Special Inducements to Clergymen and Churches.

The Carpenter Organs contain the

CELEBRATED CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION.

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements.

More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from $20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN

(From the Youth's Companion.)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an **honest** organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

WARRANTED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTY, FOR EIGHT YEARS.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

We desire the address of all intending purchasers of an organ or piano, and will pay readers of this paper liberally for such service.

Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct on easy payments. Buy no Organ until you have seen our new Catalogue.

☞ Send for our NEW CATALOGUE for 1887. New Styles! New Patented Improvements! New Prices!

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

Please state where you saw this advertisement.